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No. 41 •

TINKLE

HOLIDAY SPECIAL

TINKLE

WHERE LEARNING MEETS FUN

Holiday Special No. 41

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Dear Readers,

On a recent trip I made, we discussed the joy of gifting. Not just the happiness we feel when we give something special to family or friends, but also the happiness we feel in doing something nice for someone unknown to us. Perhaps gifting a packet of biscuits to that little boy on the road or planting a shrub at the local garden or helping someone carry a heavy load. Perhaps it is that small moment when we feel as grand as Santa Claus for just the smiles we bring around. Whatever the case, gifts are always welcome, both to the giver and the receiver.

On the same trip, we also discussed the many people around the globe who believe in doing one nice thing a day, especially for a complete stranger. Talk about being a Secret Santa (that game we play during Christmas where we gift a friend something anonymously) all year round! What's more, spreading happiness is known to keep people healthy. Just ask the scientists! So I am planning to keep my eyes peeled for my chance to do a good deed? Are you?

And when you have done that, write to us. Write just like that. Tell us how you are spending the hot, summer months. What are you watching? What are you reading? What are you playing? Talk about any random thing or things that make you happy. Let's share our happiness ☺

Happy holidays,

Yours affectionately,
Rajani

@TinkleMagazine
@RajaniThindiath

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TINKLE

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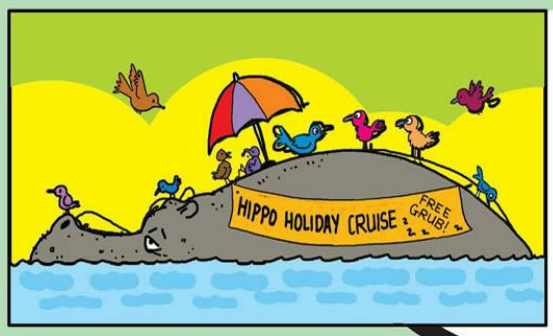

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THE IDEA THIEF

Story & Script Anupam Arunachalam
Pencils & Inks Ajitesh Bhattacharjee
Colours Pragati M. Agrawal
Letters Pranay Bendre

"The way I try to come up with stories is by taking several ideas that haven't worked out and forcing them to gel. I think it really helps to have unique experiences in doing this, so that you're rich in uncommon 'source' ideas to derive 'new' ones from. I also like myths, and I often wonder how some of them might be relevant today...

"...'The Idea Thief' came about while I was thinking about the mythical muses and about what inspiration might actually consist of." – **Anupam Arunachalam,** *Writer*

"I really enjoyed working on this story. It was so much fun to research Greek culture. I had never drawn Greek characters and frankly when I received the script it was all 'Greek' to me! :D" – **Ajitesh Bhattacharjee,** *Artist*

"It was cool lettering this story because I experimented a lot with the fonts to achieve that 'Greek' effect. Also, for the muses, I used actual Greek alphabets. So don't try deciphering them! :D" – **Pranay Bendre,** *Letterer*

AHH THERE'S NO SECRET, REALLY.
WRITING PLAYS IS MY JOB, AND I WORK HARD AT IT.
WITH PRACTICE, YOU CAN GET BETTER AT ANY PROFESSION.
HA! WHAT A WINDBAG!
YOU JUST HAD A GOOD MUSE, YOU FOOL. AND NOW THAT I'VE TAKEN HER, YOU'LL NEVER HAVE A GREAT IDEA AGAIN!
BUT ONE THING ABOUT IDEAS. THEY DON'T JUST APPEAR OUT OF THIN AIR, LIKE MOST PEOPLE THINK.
COMING UP WITH AN ORIGINAL IDEA IS REALLY JUST FINDING A CONNECTION BETWEEN TWO SEEMINGLY UNRELATED THINGS.
IDEAS CANNOT BE FORCED. IN FACT, THERE'S NO SURE-FIRE WAY TO COME UP WITH THEM AT ALL.
WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP THEM STRIKE YOU, HOWEVER, IS BE CURIOUS — HAVE AS MANY EXPERIENCES AS YOU CAN, ASK A LOT OF QUESTIONS, AND NEVER TAKE THINGS AT FACE VALUE.
WHAT IN THE...
KNOW AS MANY THINGS AS POSSIBLE, SO THAT YOU HAVE A BETTER SHOT AT FINDING THESE ELUSIVE CONNECTIONS BETWEEN THEM.
AND, OH, YES! DON'T FORGET TO CARRY SOME PARCHMENT TO JOT THOSE IDEAS DOWN!
BIBLIUS! WAIT!
ONE MORE QUESTION! IS IT TRUE THAT YOU ARE DATING CLAUDIA OF SIDIUM?
HMM.
SO, GOLDYPANTS. YOU'RE GOING TO BE USELESS TO ME SHUT UP IN THAT CAGE, RIGHT?
PFFT. I GUESS THERE'S NO POINT KEEPING YOU IN THERE, THEN.

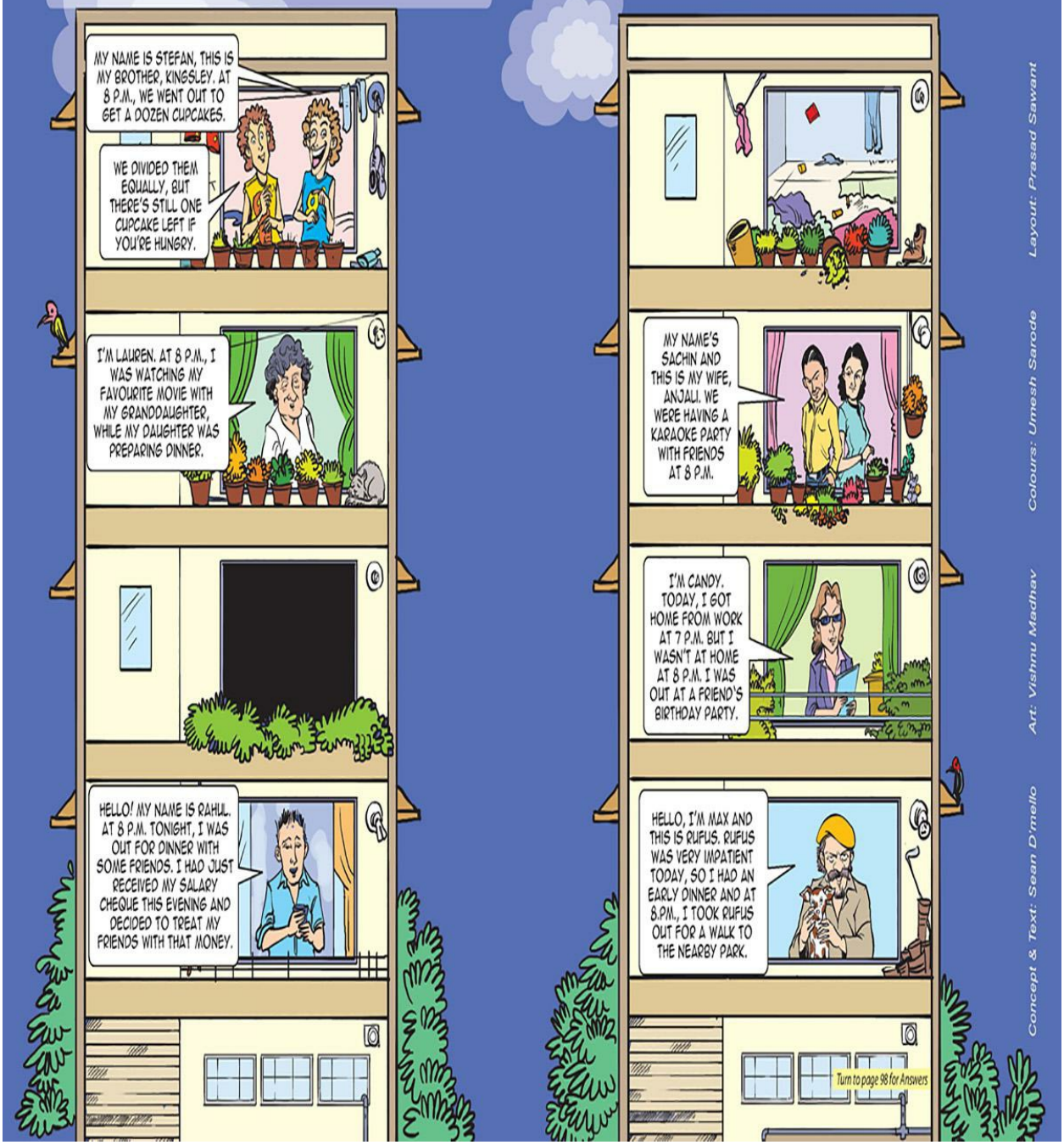
YEAH, YEAH. I'M SORRY. I'M STUPID. NOW BUZZ OFF.
COME, SEE ME WHEN YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING GOOD.
HA. NEVER THOUGHT ONE OF BIBLIUS'S POMPOUS SPEECHES WOULD BE USEFUL!
MARIUS! LONG TIME!
HMPH. NICE SPEECH, OLD MAN.
HA HA HA! THANKS, OLD FRIEND. I DIDN'T SEE YOU IN THE CROWD.
YEAH, RIGHT! LIKE I'D STAND IN A CROWD WAITING FOR YOU TO DISPENSE WISDOM.
I HEARD IT FROM MY WINDOW.
OH.
BUT THANKS, ANYWAY. SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE, I'D FORGOTTEN THAT WRITING WASN'T ONLY ABOUT SITTING ALL DAY IN A CORNER AND WORKING A QUILL.
I'M GOING TO GO OUT AND HAVE MY OWN EXPERIENCES NOW — LIKE I USED TO WHEN I WAS YOUNGER.
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, I'LL HAVE A FEW OF THOSE ON MY SHOULDERS TOO!
HUH? WHAT'S ON MY SHOULDERS?
AND I, MARIUS NOVUS, WILL BECOME THE GREATEST WRITER IN GREECE!
WHAT A WEIRDO.
BUT THEN, WHICH WRITER ISN'T?

You Be the Detective

WINDOW OF OPPORTUNITY

There was a robbery at Takshila Apartments. Around 8 p.m., flat number 401 had all its valuables stolen. The family had been out for dinner.

The information at hand has led the police to believe that it is an inside job, a crime committed by one of the neighbours. The police have asked each resident for their alibi. However one alibi doesn't quite add up. Can you spot who is responsible for the theft?



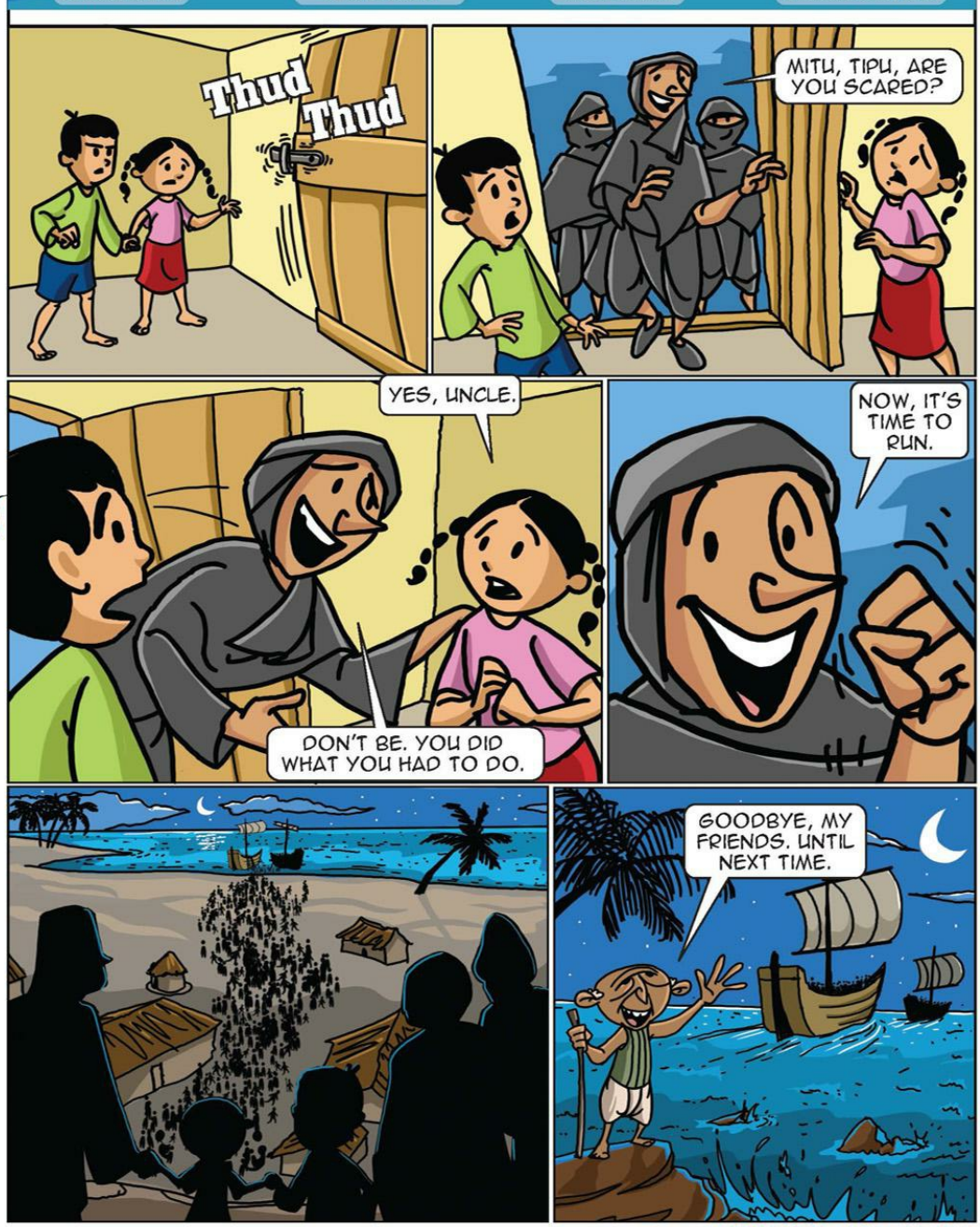
Turn to page 98 for Answers

Concept & Text: Sean D'mello
Art: Vishnu Madhav
Colours: Umesh Sarode
Layout: Prasad Sawant

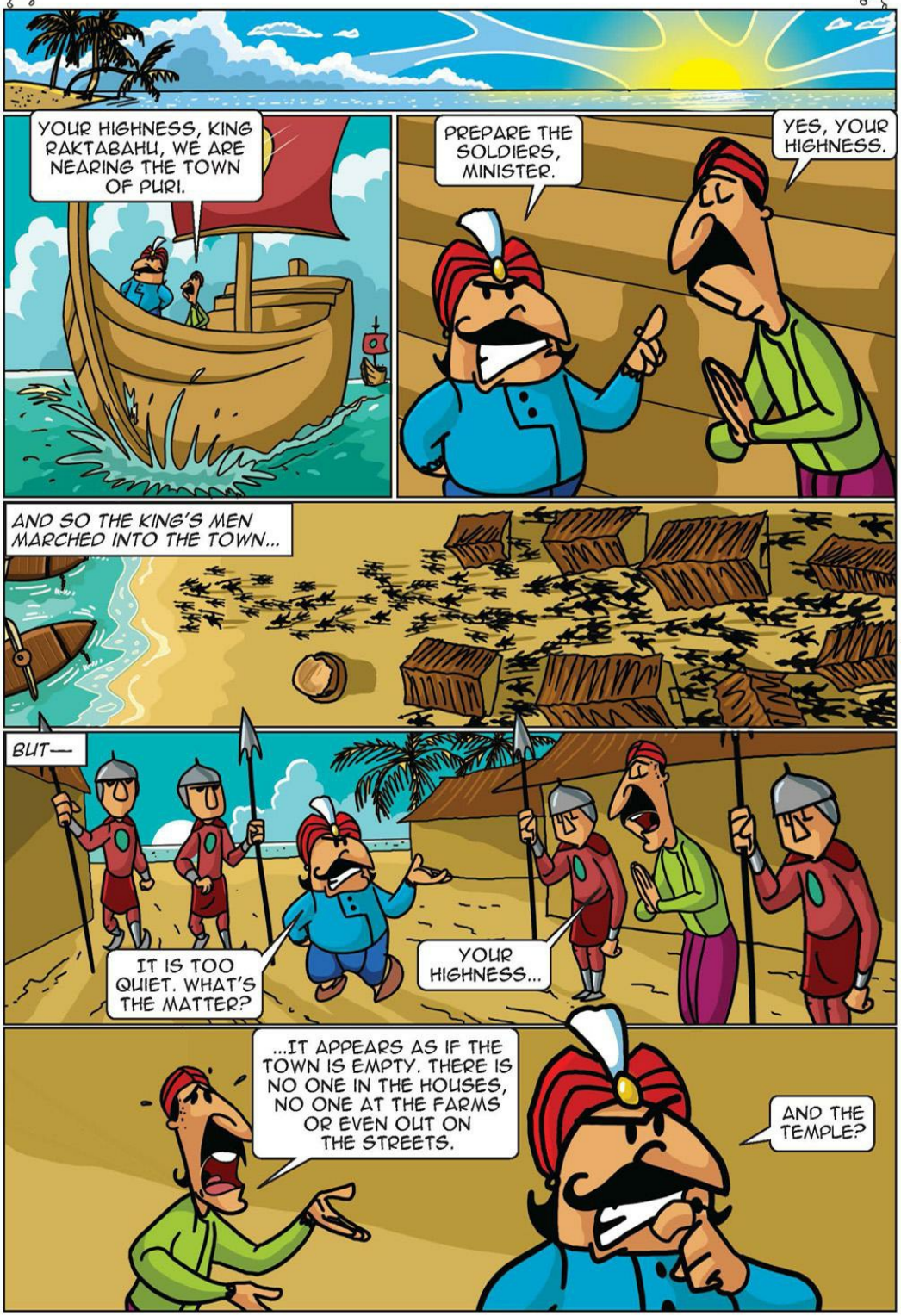
The Angry Sea

Based on a folk legend sent in by Radha HS

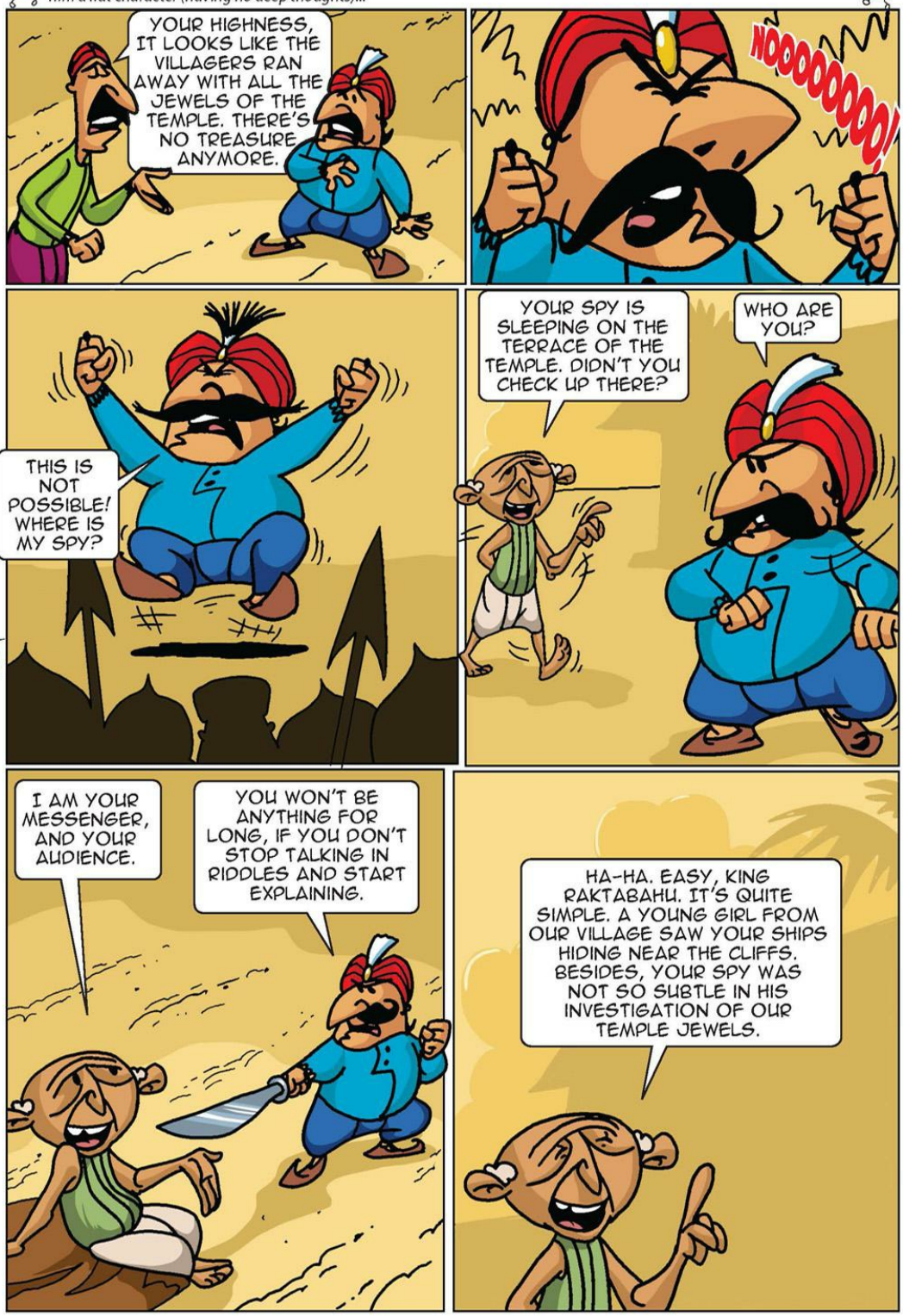
Script Shruti Dave | **Pencils & Inks** Nikhil Salvi | **Colours** Meenakshi | **Letters** Prasad Sawant



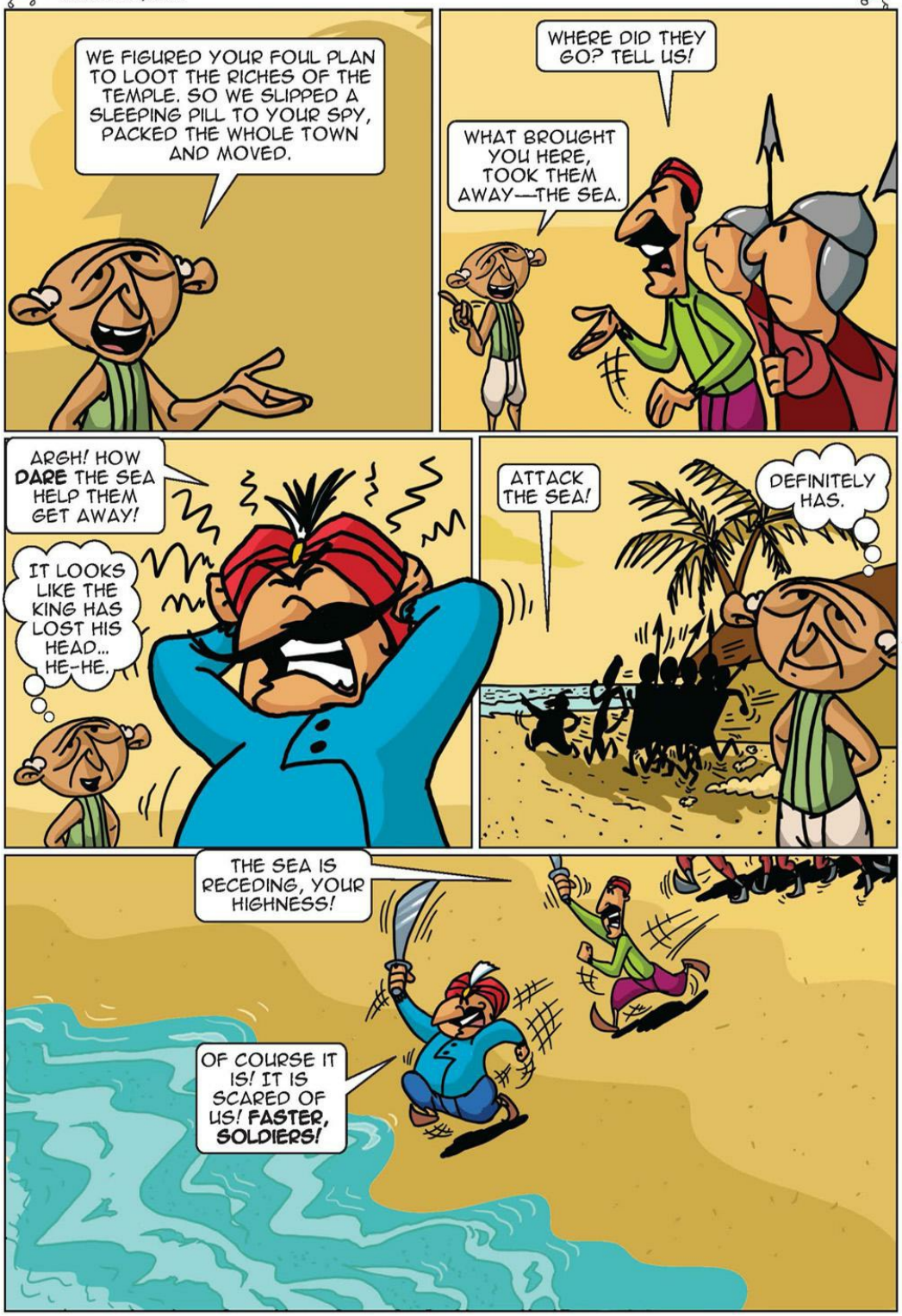
'The Angry Sea' is probably the most wonderful legend I have heard about a lake, and I am so glad Radha shared it with us. I really enjoyed creating the drama along with the humour in this story. – **Shruti Dave,** *Scriptwriter*



"The characters and atmosphere just popped into my mind while reading this funny little story for the first time. Illustrating the King and his minister was an experience. On one hand, the King had just one intention—to attack anything, so I made him a flat character (having no deep thoughts)...



...On the other hand, his minister has no choice but to obey his king and thus is elongated a bit where he is pulled between common sense and His Majesty's desires. I sincerely hope the readers will enjoy the story and drawings as much as I did."
– Nikhil Salvi, *Artist*



While reading about Chilka, India's largest brackish water lake, I came across this paper on marine archaeology which spoke of legend, history, mythology, geography and the writing of great travellers, all around the lake. At the end of it, I knew the legend of the lake had to be written, and so were born the village folk who defeat King Raktabahu with brain as opposed to brawn. – **Radha H.S.,** *Sender of the tale*

...THE NEED TO FEED

Concept & Art
Ghanshyam Bochgeri

Story & Script
Dolly Pahlajani

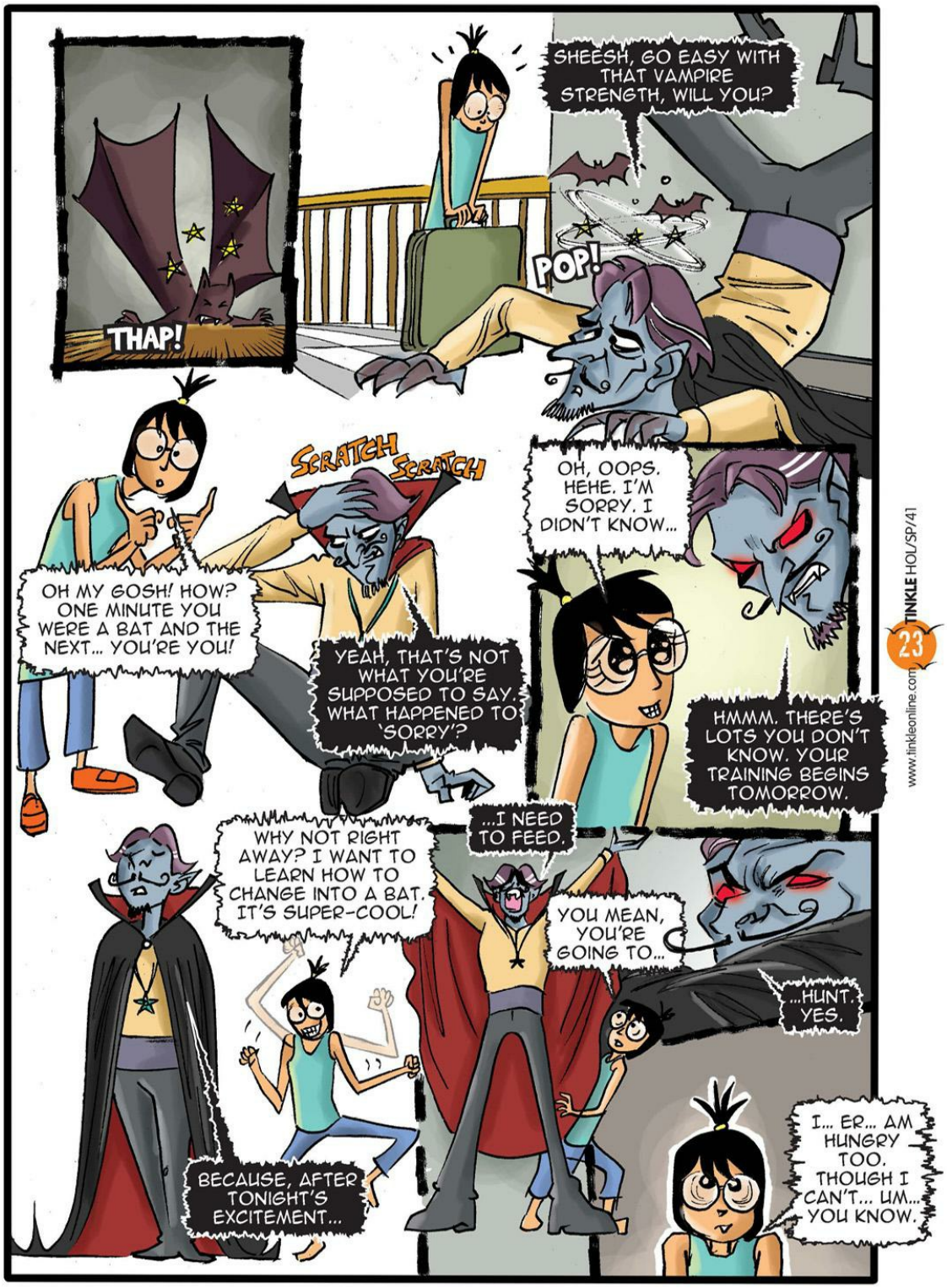
Colours
Akshay Khadilkar

Letters
Prasad Sawant

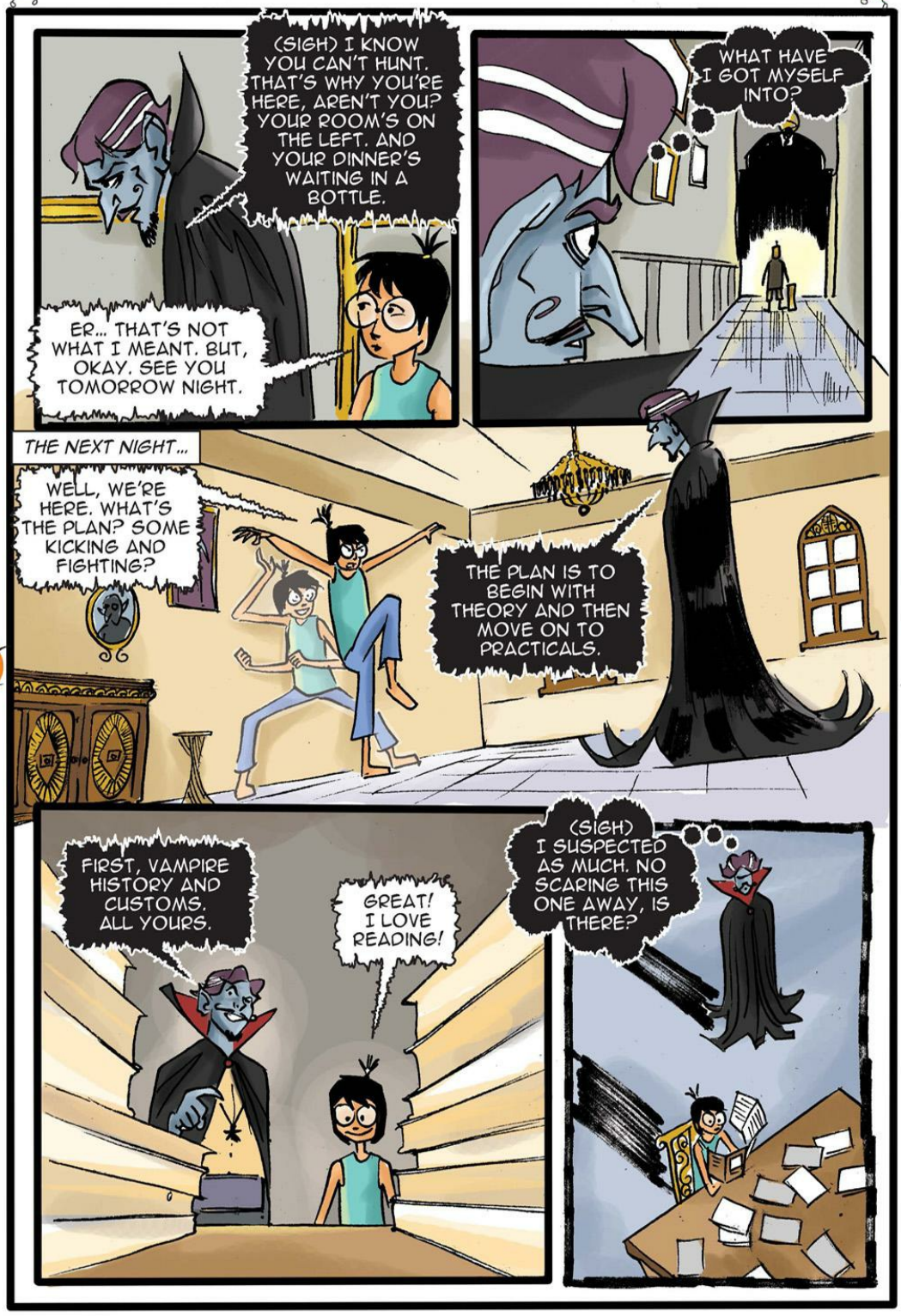
THAT WAS A WONDERFUL SPEECH, VICKTOR.
THANK YOU, PRISCILLA, MY DEAR. HOW ARE YOU?
OH, FINE, FINE. HERE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY NIECE, TAMMY.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU, LITTLE LADY.
UH, SO IT'S TRUE.
FORGIVE HER, VICKTOR. SHE'S JUST COME OF AGE. THE CURSE KIND OF RUNS IN MY FAMILY. EVERY SECOND GENERATION HAS A VAMPIRE.
WHAT IS, YOUNG ONE?
ALL THIS. VAMPIRES. THE GUILD. EVERYTHING.
HMMM. IT MUST HAVE COME AS QUITE A SHOCK TO YOU. THE MORPHING.
ENOUGH, TAMMY!
UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE YEAR. YOU HAVE *NO IDEA* HOW IT FEELS WHEN YOU SPROUT FANGS IN THE MIDDLE OF A MATHS TEST. AND YOUR EYES START WATERING WITH ALL THAT DAYLIGHT. AND YOUR CLASSMATES LOOK AT YOU LIKE...

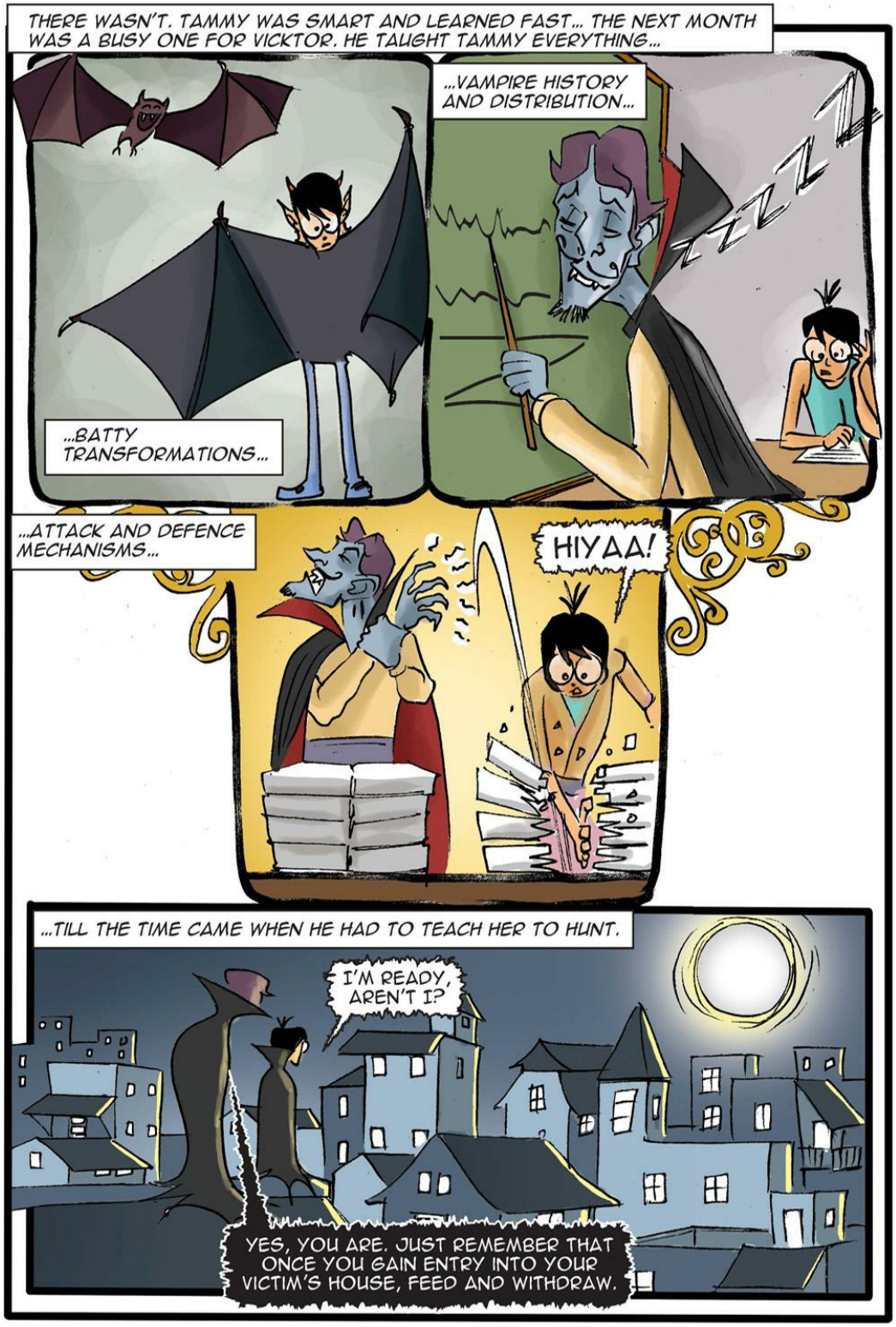
I'M SORRY, VICKTOR. SHE'S TOO USED TO BEING HUMAN. I WAS THINKING PERHAPS YOU MAY HELP HER GET... ER, ACCUSTOMED TO BEING ONE OF US.
YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO...
...TAKE HER AS APPRENTICE. YES. AND WHY NOT? ALL THE OTHER SENIOR VAMPIRES DO IT. YOU'RE THE SENIOR-MOST AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE GUILD. SURELY YOU KNOW YOUR RESPONSIBILITY.
YES, BUT I-I...
THANKS, VICKTOR DEAR. I KNEW YOU'D COME AROUND. TAMMY'S SMART FOR HER AGE AND I JUST WANT THE BEST FOR HER.
BYE, BE SEEING YOU!
WELL...
I KNOW. MY AUNT CAN BE QUITE PUSHY. I SYMPATHIZE. AND ASSURE YOU THAT I WANT THIS AS MUCH AS YOU DO.
SO HOW ABOUT WE JUST PLAY TEACHER-STUDENT FOR A WHILE JUST TO MAKE HER HAPPY? AND THEN I CAN APPLY TO SOME NIGHT SCHOOL.
WHAT! AMIDST ALL THOSE HUMANS? ARE YOU MAD?!

"This was my concept and so as an artist it was a great honour to draw a character I had conceptualized. I've experimented a bit with the panels and the look of the characters."
– Ghanshyam Bochgeri, *Artist*


THAP!
SHEESH, GO EASY WITH THAT VAMPIRE STRENGTH, WILL YOU?
POP!
SCRATCH SCRATCH
OH MY GOSH! HOW? ONE MINUTE YOU WERE A BAT AND THE NEXT... YOU'RE YOU!
YEAH, THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAY. WHAT HAPPENED TO 'SORRY'?
OH, OOPS. HEHE. I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T KNOW...
HMMM. THERE'S LOTS YOU DON'T KNOW. YOUR TRAINING BEGINS TOMORROW.
WHY NOT RIGHT AWAY? I WANT TO LEARN HOW TO CHANGE INTO A BAT. IT'S SUPER-COOL!
BECAUSE, AFTER TONIGHT'S EXCITEMENT...
...I NEED TO FEED.
YOU MEAN, YOU'RE GOING TO...
...HUNT. YES.
I... ER... AM HUNGRY TOO. THOUGH I CAN'T... UM... YOU KNOW.

"The art style of this story is very different. That made it more challenging when I began to colour the story."
– **Akshay Khadilkar,** *Colourist*




THERE WASN'T. TAMMY WAS SMART AND LEARNED FAST... THE NEXT MONTH WAS A BUSY ONE FOR VICKTOR. HE TAUGHT TAMMY EVERYTHING...
...BATTY TRANSFORMATIONS...
...VAMPIRE HISTORY AND DISTRIBUTION...
...ATTACK AND DEFENCE MECHANISMS...
HIYAA!
...TILL THE TIME CAME WHEN HE HAD TO TEACH HER TO HUNT.
I'M READY, AREN'T I?
YES, YOU ARE. JUST REMEMBER THAT ONCE YOU GAIN ENTRY INTO YOUR VICTIM'S HOUSE, FEED AND WITHDRAW.

"This story is different from others because of its shaky speech bubbles. Probably because my hands were shaking while lettering. :D"
– Prasad Sawant, *Letterer*

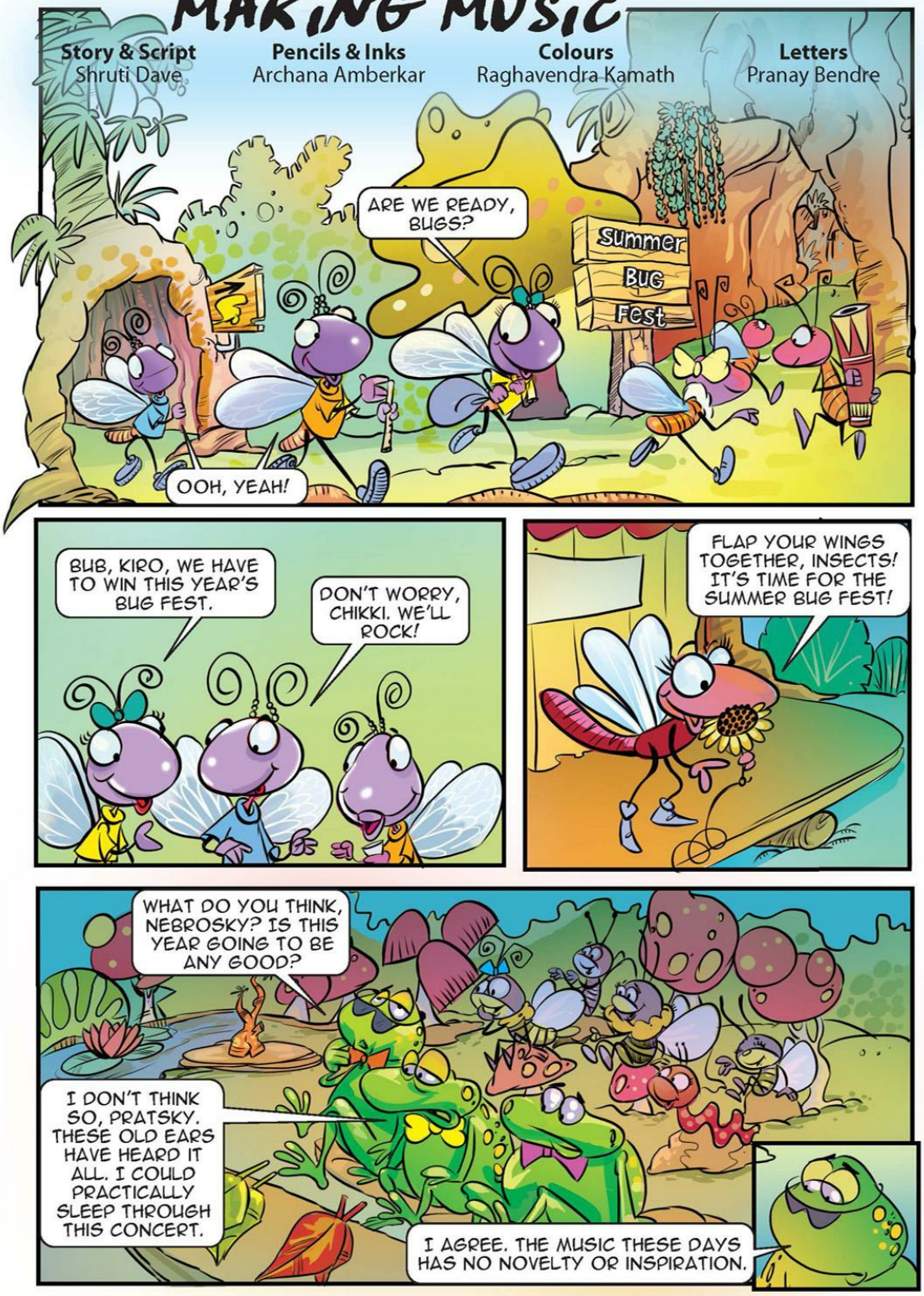
NOW, WHERE WERE WE? OBEY ME.
OBEY YOU. COME IN.
YOU'RE MY PREY.
YOUR PREY. YES.
BUT IN A MINUTE...
SLAM
I-I CAN'T DO IT. VICKTOR WILL BE SO DISPLEASED.
MAYBE I CAN GO AFTER HIM AND SEE HOW HE HUNTS.
HEY! THE DOOR'S OPEN AND I STILL CAN'T GET THROUGH... DARN STUPID VAMPIRE COURTESY.
THERE'S VICKTOR'S VICTIM, BUT HE LOOKS JUST FINE. MAYBE VICKTOR'S GONE AFTER THE FAMILY.
HEY YOU! LET ME IN.
LET YOU IN.

THANKS, BUDDY. GO TO BED AND FORGET ABOUT EVERYTHING NOW.
DARN!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE VICKTOR. MAYBE HE NEEDS HELP.
VICKTOR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
T-TAMMY? I... UH... ER...
I DON'T SEE YOUR VICTIMS... UNLESS THEY WERE MADE OF TOMATOES.
(SIGH) SO, SUE ME. I LIKE KETCHUP. AFTER YOU'VE LIVED FOR SO MANY CENTURIES LIKE I HAVE, BLOOD GETS BORING. BODIES AND BODIES OF THE SAME OLD BLOOD GROUPS.

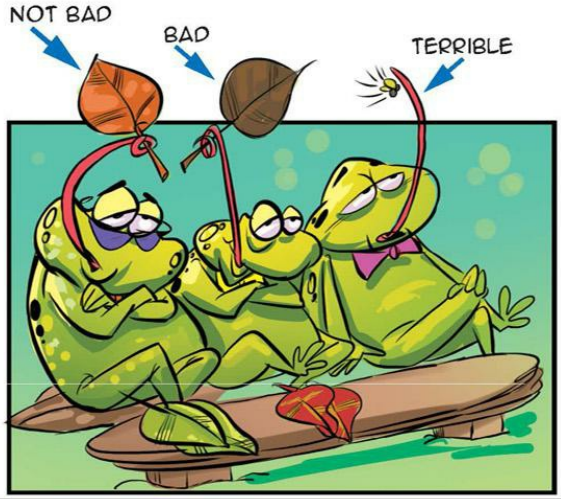
""What if there was a vampire who liked ketchup instead of blood?" And that immediately caught my fancy. The result- 'The Need to Feed'. I sure hope this story feeds your need for horror gone loopy. Burrrrp!" – **Dolly Pahlajani,** *Writer*

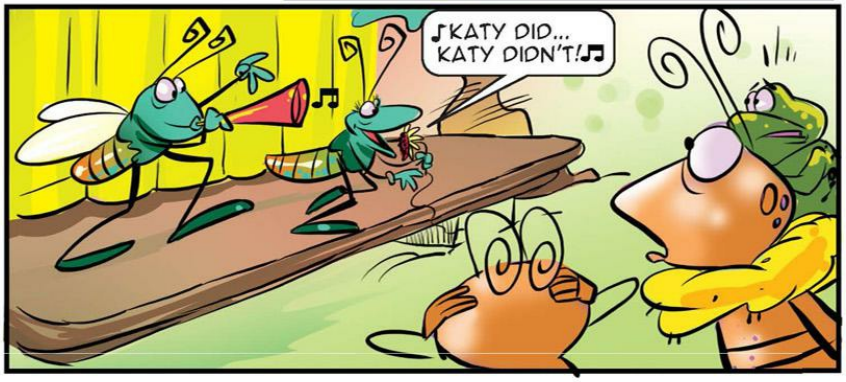
MAKING MUSIC

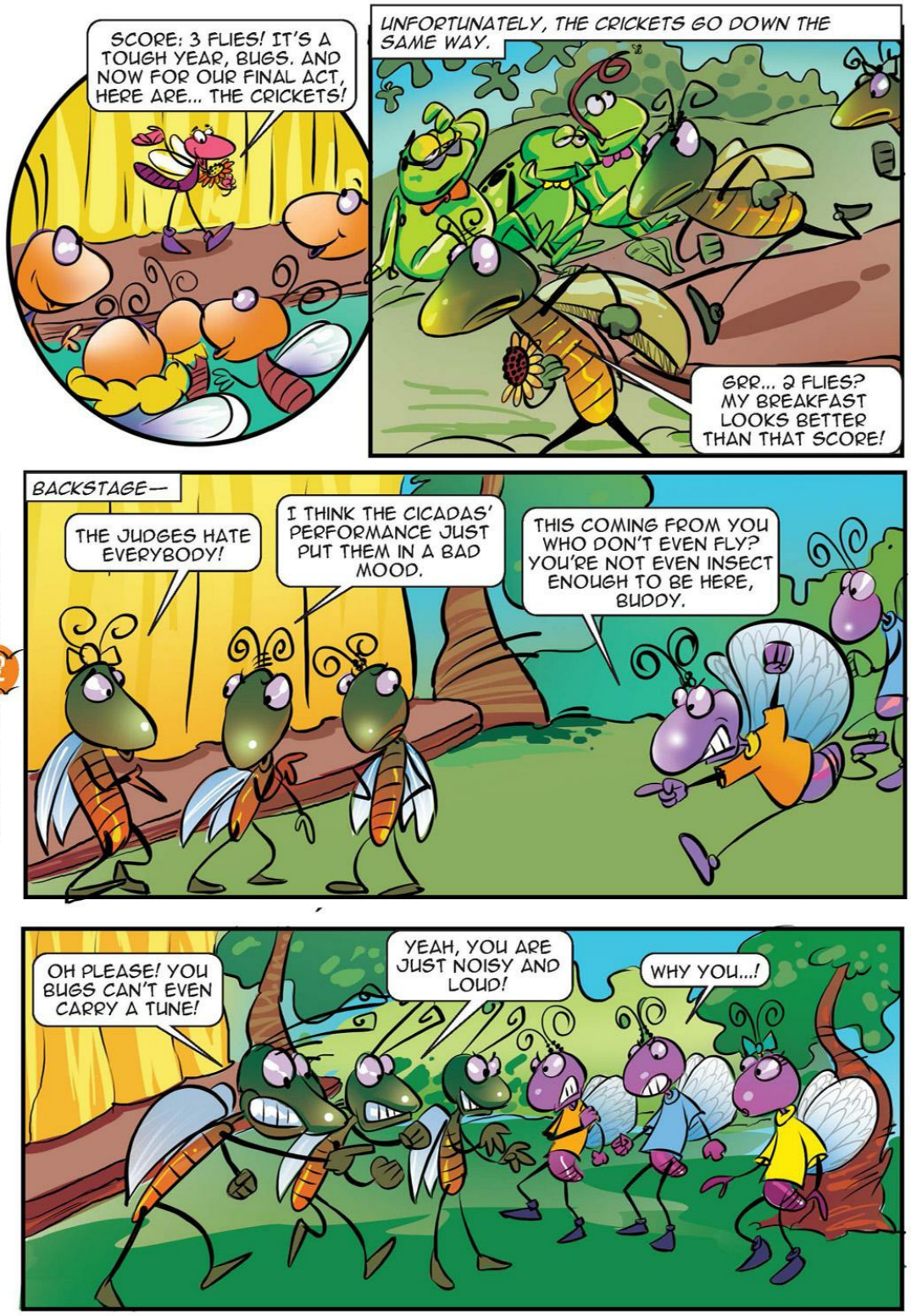
Story & Script Shruti Dave
Pencils & Inks Archana Amberkar
Colours Raghavendra Kamath
Letters Pranay Bendre



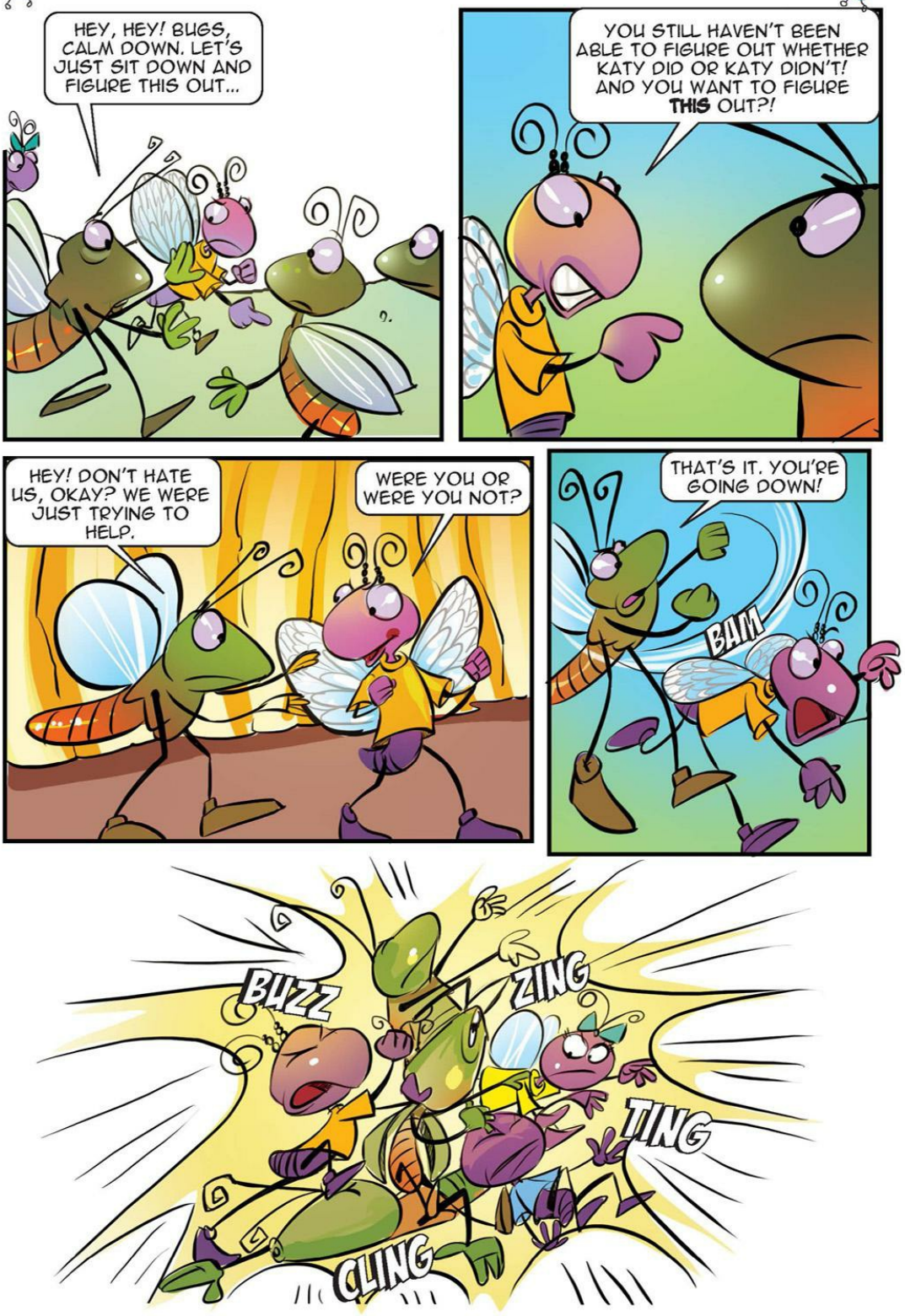
'Crickets make a lot of noise at night', pointed out Rajani randomly once. 'Maybe because they are having a music fest', suggested I excitedly. And that's exactly how I started to write this story. 'Making Music' is random, fun and mad!"
– Shruti Dave, *Writer*



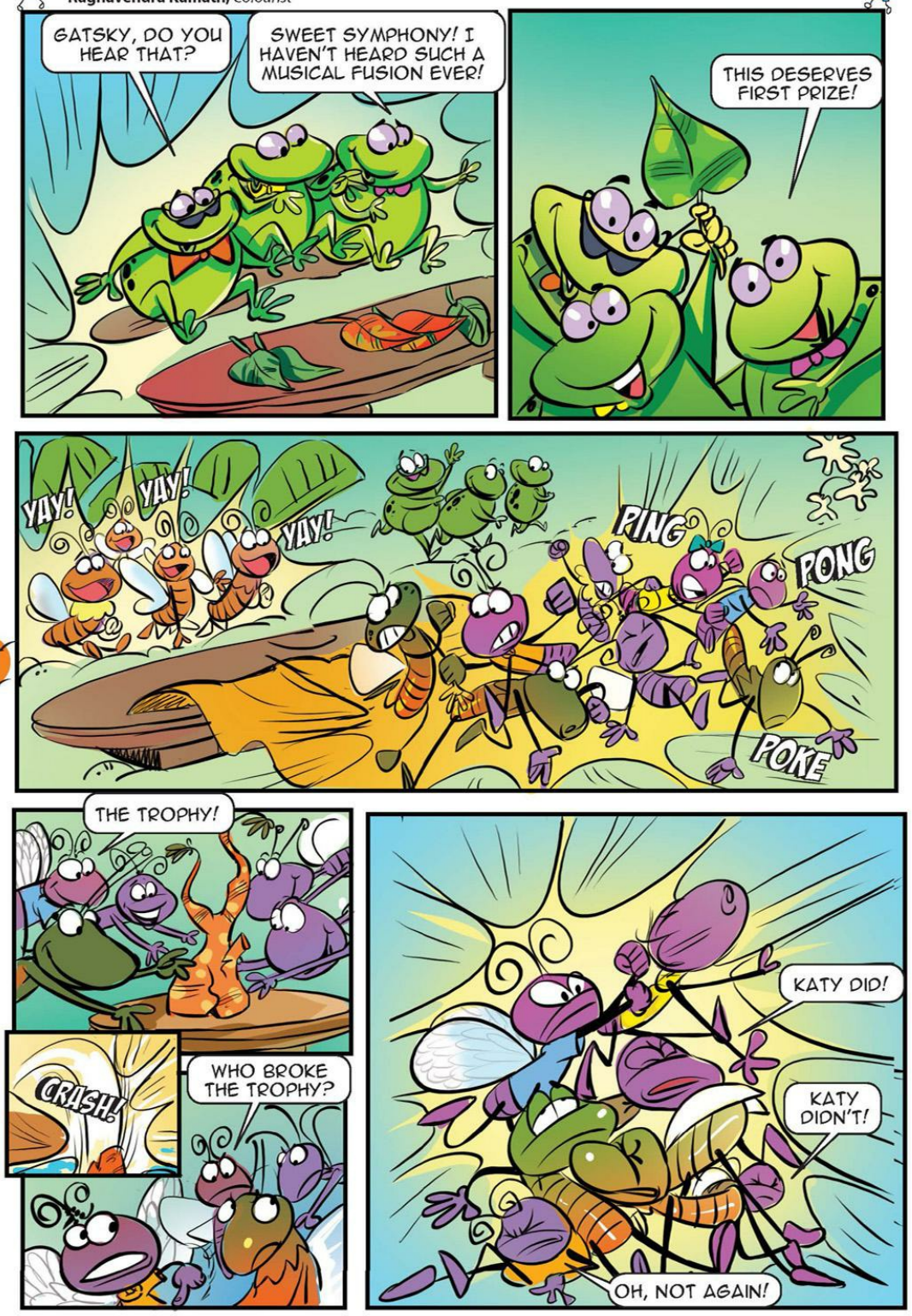



SCORE: 3 FLIES! IT'S A TOUGH YEAR, BUGS. AND NOW FOR OUR FINAL ACT, HERE ARE... THE CRICKETS!
UNFORTUNATELY, THE CRICKETS GO DOWN THE SAME WAY.
GRR... 2 FLIES? MY BREAKFAST LOOKS BETTER THAN THAT SCORE!
BACKSTAGE—
THE JUDGES HATE EVERYBODY!
I THINK THE CICADAS' PERFORMANCE JUST PUT THEM IN A BAD MOOD.
THIS COMING FROM YOU WHO DON'T EVEN FLY? YOU'RE NOT EVEN INSECT ENOUGH TO BE HERE, BUDDY.
OH PLEASE! YOU BUGS CAN'T EVEN CARRY A TUNE!
YEAH, YOU ARE JUST NOISY AND LOUD!
WHY YOU...!

"I personally love to draw animal stories. So when this script landed on my desk, I was very excited, since it was different from the regular Tinkle stories I normally illustrate." – **Archana Amberkar,** *Artist*



"I really liked the cuteness of the characters. The illustrations are wonderful just like the sweetness and simplicity of the story. As suggested by Savio, I tried to keep the colouring simple and avoided going overboard to retain the cuteness."
– Raghavendra Kamath, *Colourist*



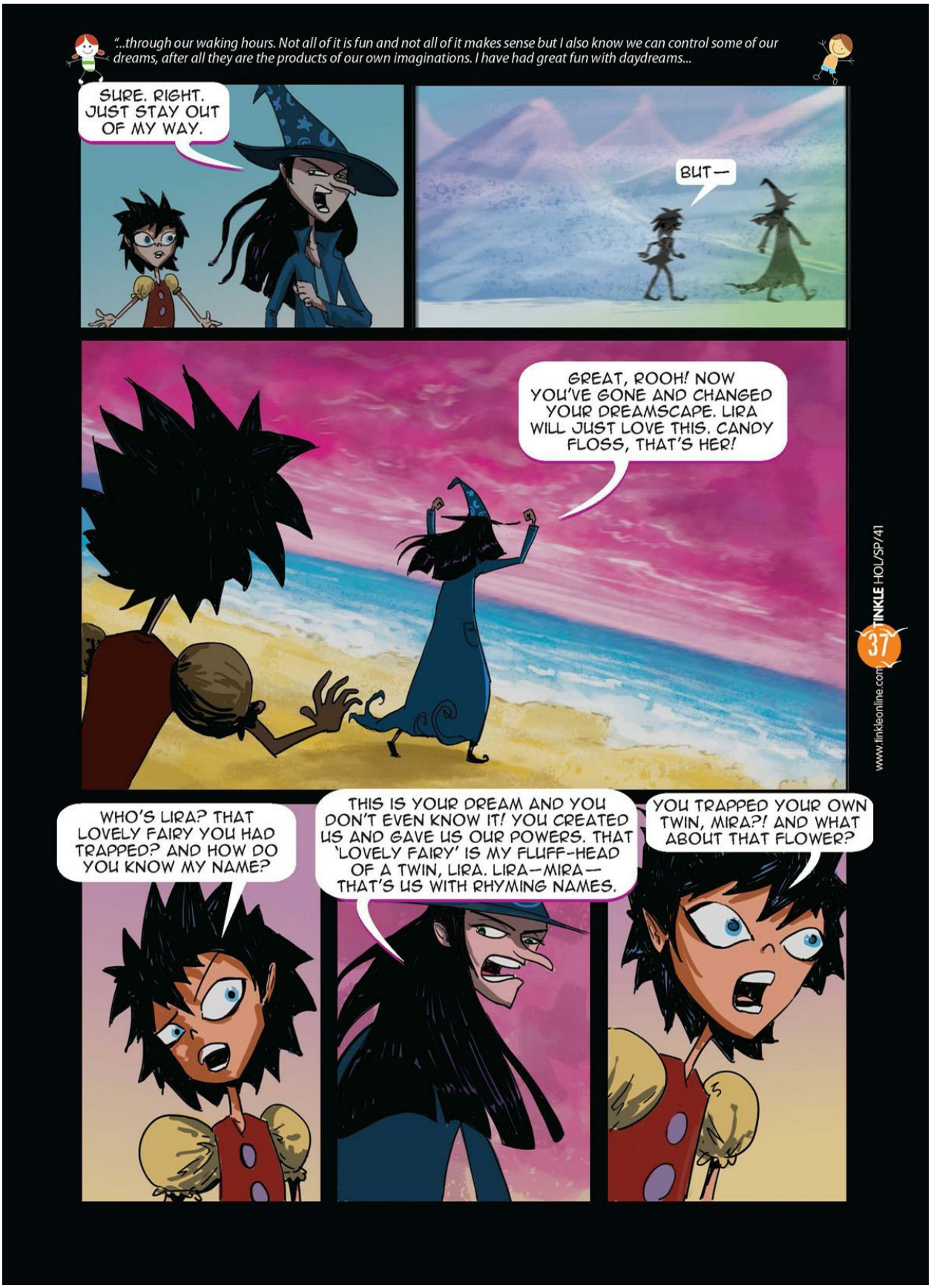
DREAMS My World In My Head

Story & Script
Rajani Thindiath

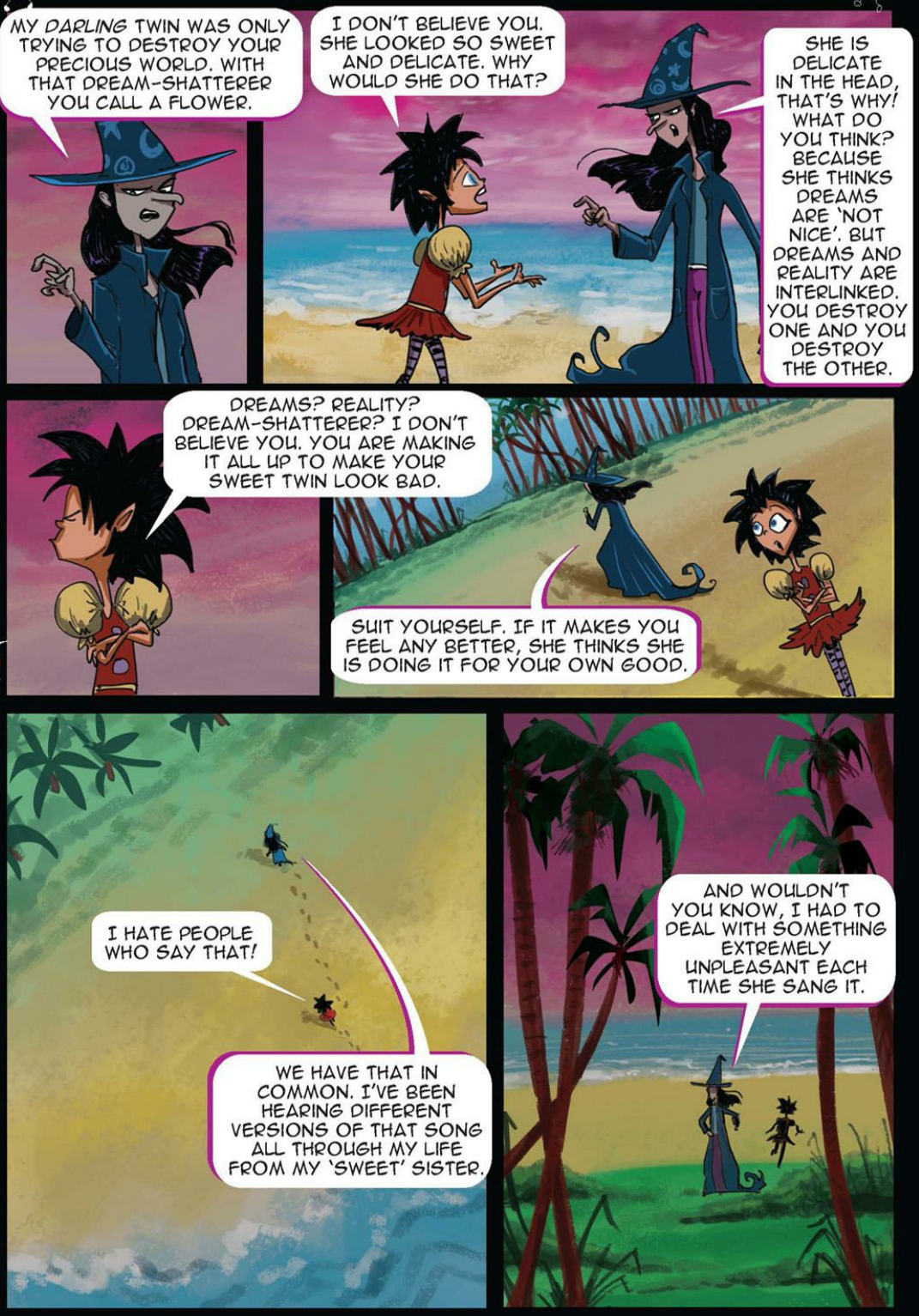
Art
Sinu Chandrasenan

Letters
Satyawan Rane & Pranay Bendre

"I have always had weird, weird dreams, right from the time I could remember. Some of them were so scary and freaky that they have kept me up some nights. So what are dreams? I'd like to believe it is the brain having fun mixing and matching (and adding in its two bits!) all the images, thoughts, sounds, smells and sensations it is bombarded with all...


"...through our waking hours. Not all of it is fun and not all of it makes sense but I also know we can control some of our dreams, after all they are the products of our own imaginations. I have had great fun with daydreams...
SURE. RIGHT. JUST STAY OUT OF MY WAY.
BUT—
GREAT, ROOH! NOW YOU'VE GONE AND CHANGED YOUR DREAMSCAPE. LIRA WILL JUST LOVE THIS. CANDY FLOSS, THAT'S HER!
WHO'S LIRA? THAT LOVELY FAIRY YOU HAD TRAPPED? AND HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?
THIS IS YOUR DREAM AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW IT! YOU CREATED US AND GAVE US OUR POWERS. THAT 'LOVELY FAIRY' IS MY FLUFF-HEAD OF A TWIN, LIRA. LIRA—MIRA—THAT'S US WITH RHYMING NAMES.
YOU TRAPPED YOUR OWN TWIN, MIRA?! AND WHAT ABOUT THAT FLOWER?

"...Dreams, nightmares or daydreams, they have sure proven to be fertile ground for some of my stories. So I thought, why not a story on dreams? :D" – **Rajani Thindiath,** *Writer*



I CAN SENSE MY 'SWEET' TWIN...
LIRA! IT IS BAD FORM TO EAVESDROP! GET DOWN HERE.
AND YOU, KID, KEEP CONTROL OF YOUR DREAMSCAPES. STOP MAKING UP STUFF THAT WILL INCREASE HER POWERS! WHETHER YOU BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I'M TRYING TO SAVE YOUR LITTLE WORLD.
POOF
TING!
I DON'T NEED TO EAVESDROP. I'M RIGHT HERE.
OOOH! SO PRETTY!
COME, ROOH. LET ME GIVE YOU PEACEFUL SLEEP. DREAMS WILL PLAGUE YOU NO MORE.
YOU HAVE SOME NERVE BRINGING THAT EVIL FLOWERY THING BACK HERE. DON'T FORGET I'D TRAPPED YOU LAST TIME.
AH, BUT ROOH LIKES ME BETTER. SHE BELIEVES IN ME. I AM MORE POWERFUL HERE.
zap!

"Magic and fantasy have always fascinated me since childhood and the decision to take up this particular story was purely a call from a young heart. Nothing comes close to enhancing the magic of a fantasy tale through visual storytelling. Hope the children and the 'child in you' enjoy this as much as I did creating it." – **Sinu Chandrasenan,** *Artist*

BAD DREAMS, GOOD DREAMS, THEY ARE ALL THE SAME, ROOH. COME, LET ME USE THIS DREAM SHATTERER ON YOU. IT IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
THAT'S VERY IRRITATING TO HEAR YOU KNOW. AND IT'S PATRONIZING!
YOU ARE TOO YOUNG TO KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU. COME HERE NOW OR I WILL HAVE TO USE FORCE.
SHE IS CRAZY! MIRA WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL.
ZIP ZAP
BOOM
BUT HOW DO I STOP HER? MIRA TOLD ME NOT TO BELIEVE HER.
ZIP!
BOOM
THUD!
NO, SHE SAID NOT TO BELIEVE *IN* HER. THEY ARE ALL CHARACTERS OF MY OWN IMAGINATION.

"For such an imaginative story, the need for colourful balloons was a must. Therefore, I also imagined a new set of speech balloons." – **Pranay Bendre,** *Letterer*

NICE WORK, ROOH!

THANKS. YOU CAN DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR TWIN.
OH, I'LL RELEASE HER... IN SOME TIME. WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW?

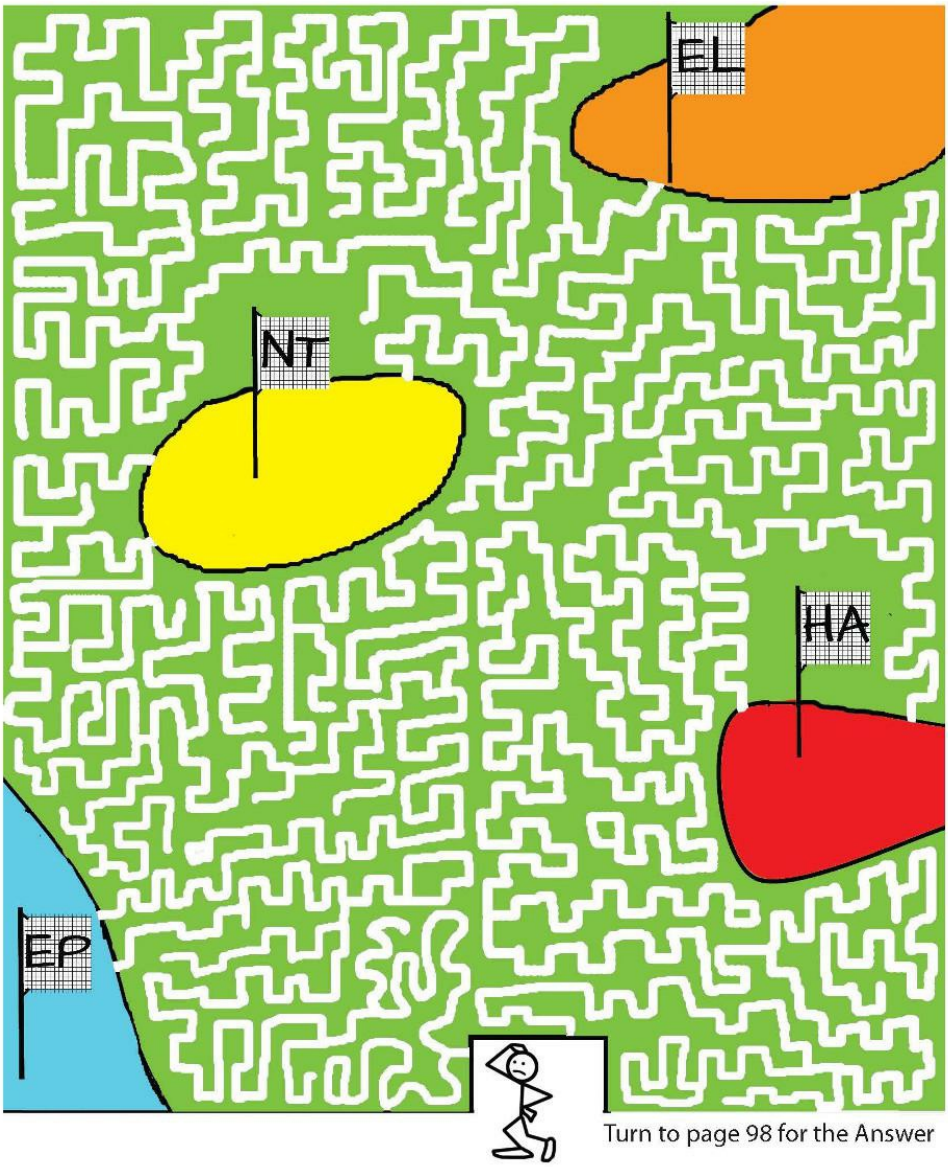
GET SOME SLEEP.

I TOSSED. I TURNED. I SIGHED AND FELL ASLEEP.
FAIR WARNING. ONCE I LET LIRA LOOSE, SHE MIGHT JUST BE BACK... FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
IF SHE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR *HER*, SHE'LL KNOW TO LEAVE ME WELL ALONE.
HA HA! HA HA HA!! HA HA!
HA HA HA!!

Stickman's Maze

– Radha HS

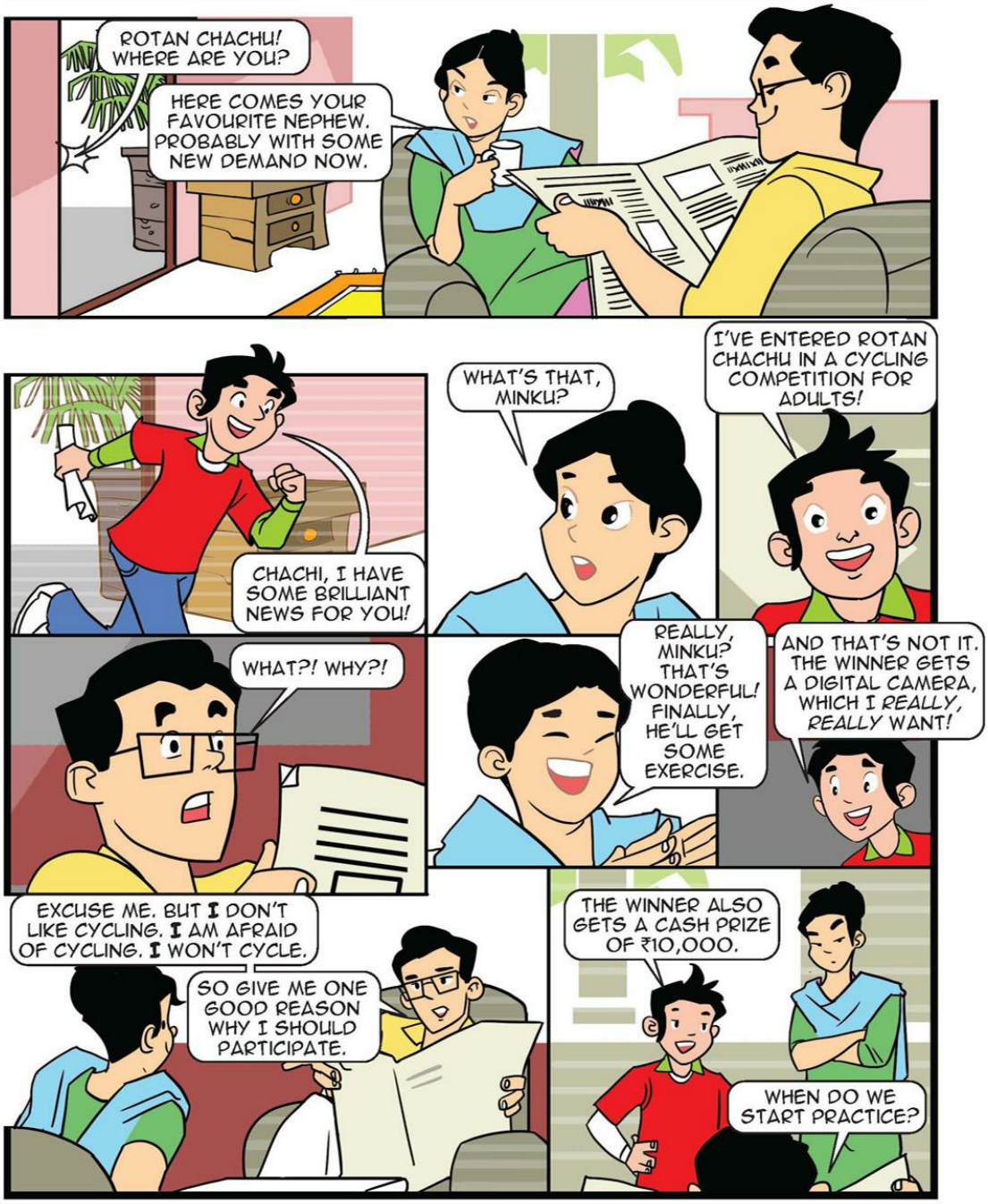
Can you spot Stickman right at the bottom of this maze? He is learning magic and needs your help. Help him go through the maze as quickly as possible by picking the right squiggly white track that will lead him in and out of the flag zones. Stickman needs to pick up the four flags in the maze to perform his magic trick. So go on, step into the maze and then, try to guess what his new, BIG magic trick will bring to life. Pssst... look at the four flags carefully.



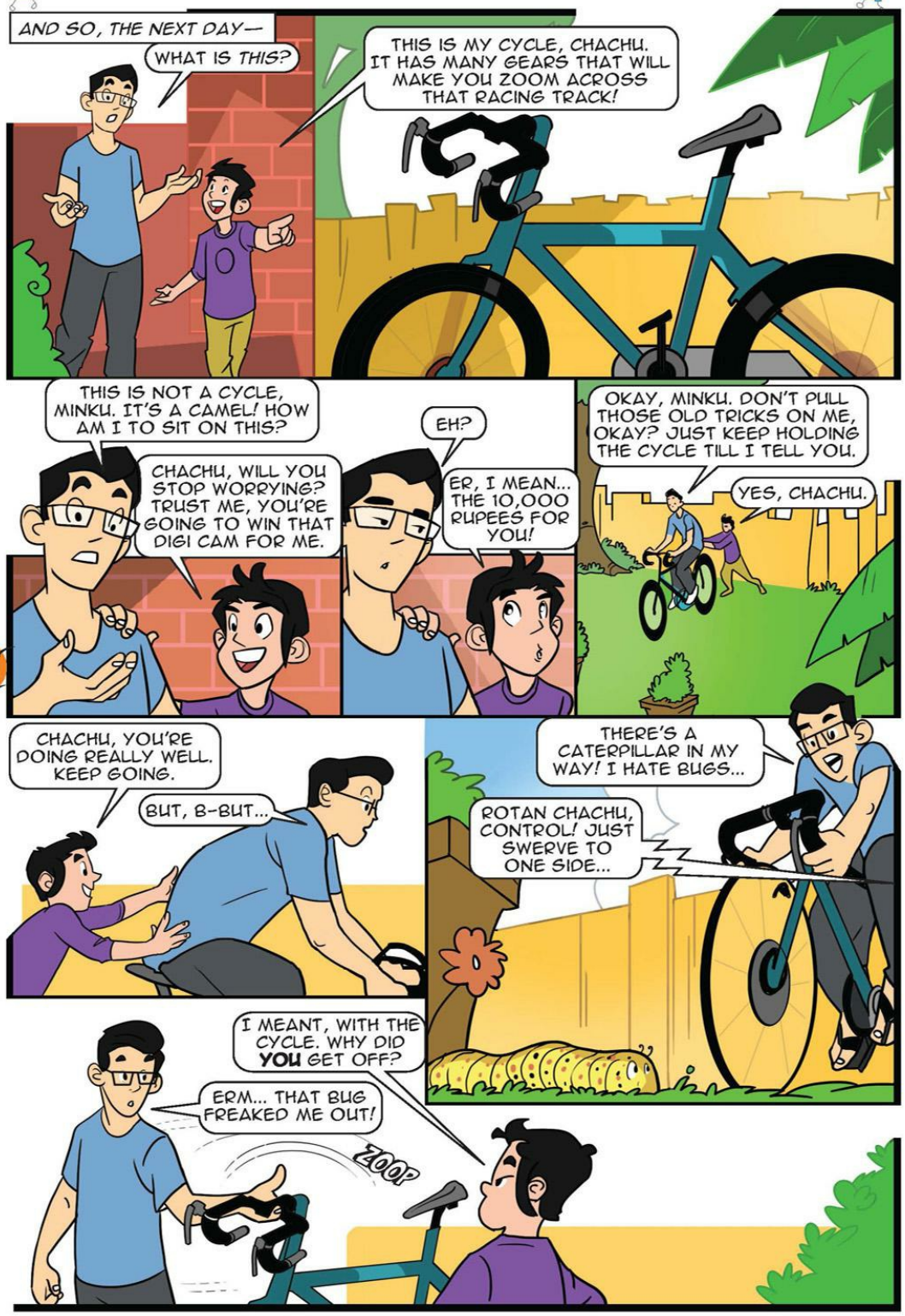
Turn to page 98 for the Answer

ROTAN'S CYCLE RACE

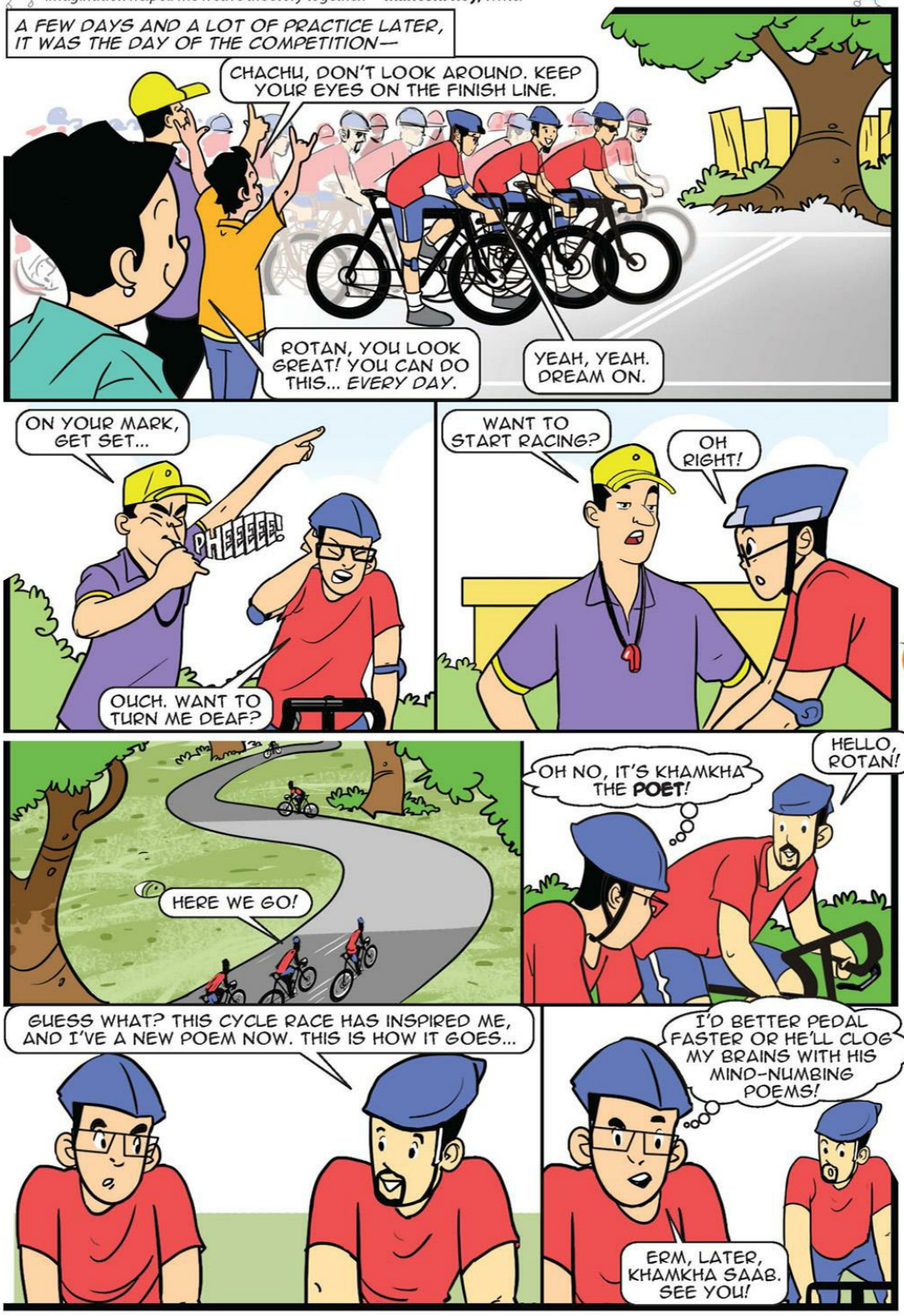
Story Manoshi Roy
Script Shruti Dave
Art Sahil Upalekar
Letters Pranay Bendre



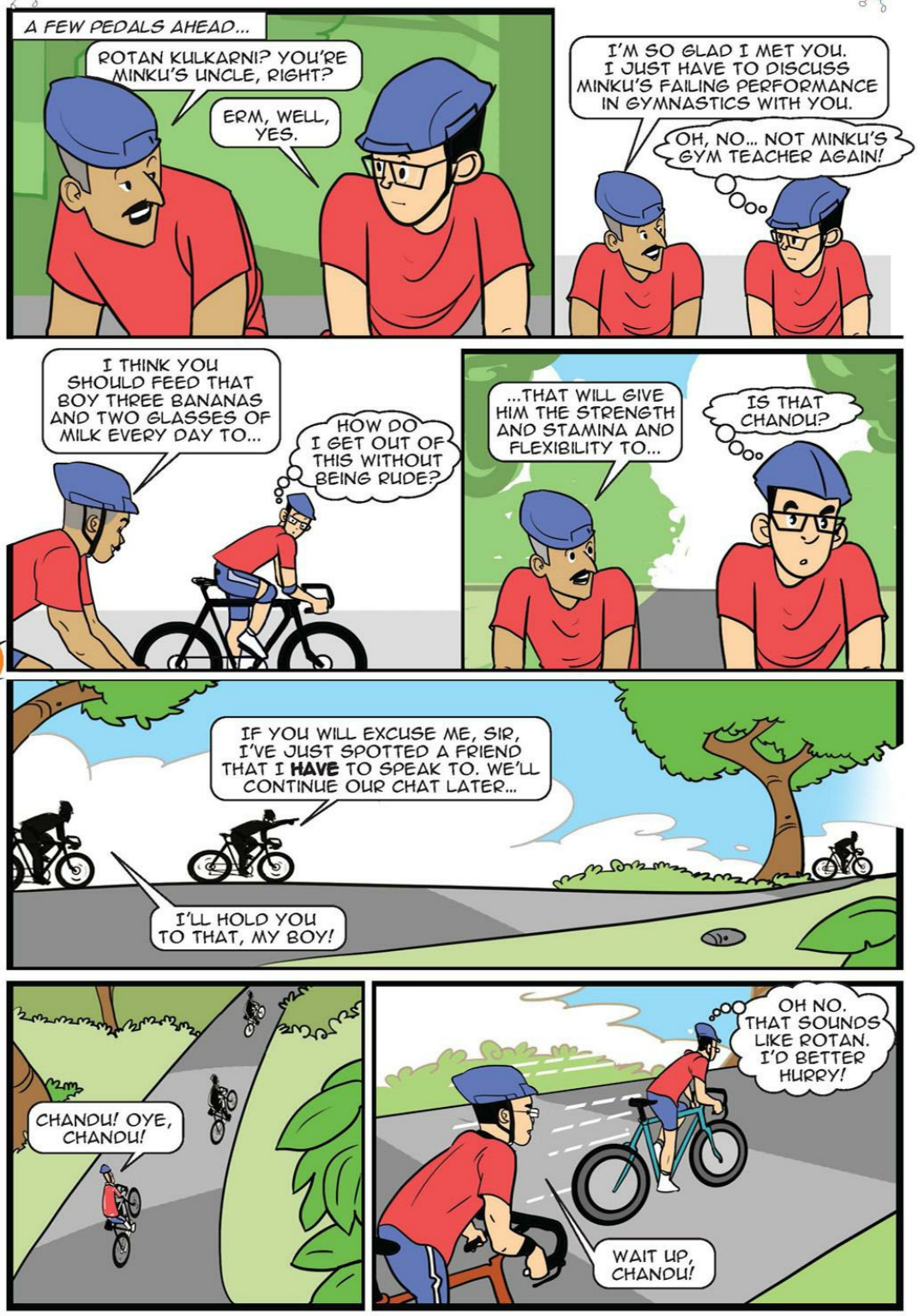
"I get my story ideas from everyday life. Life is full of all kinds of interesting incidents and if one keeps one's eyes and ears open to gather such moments, a story takes shape. 'Rotan's Cycle Race' happened the same way...

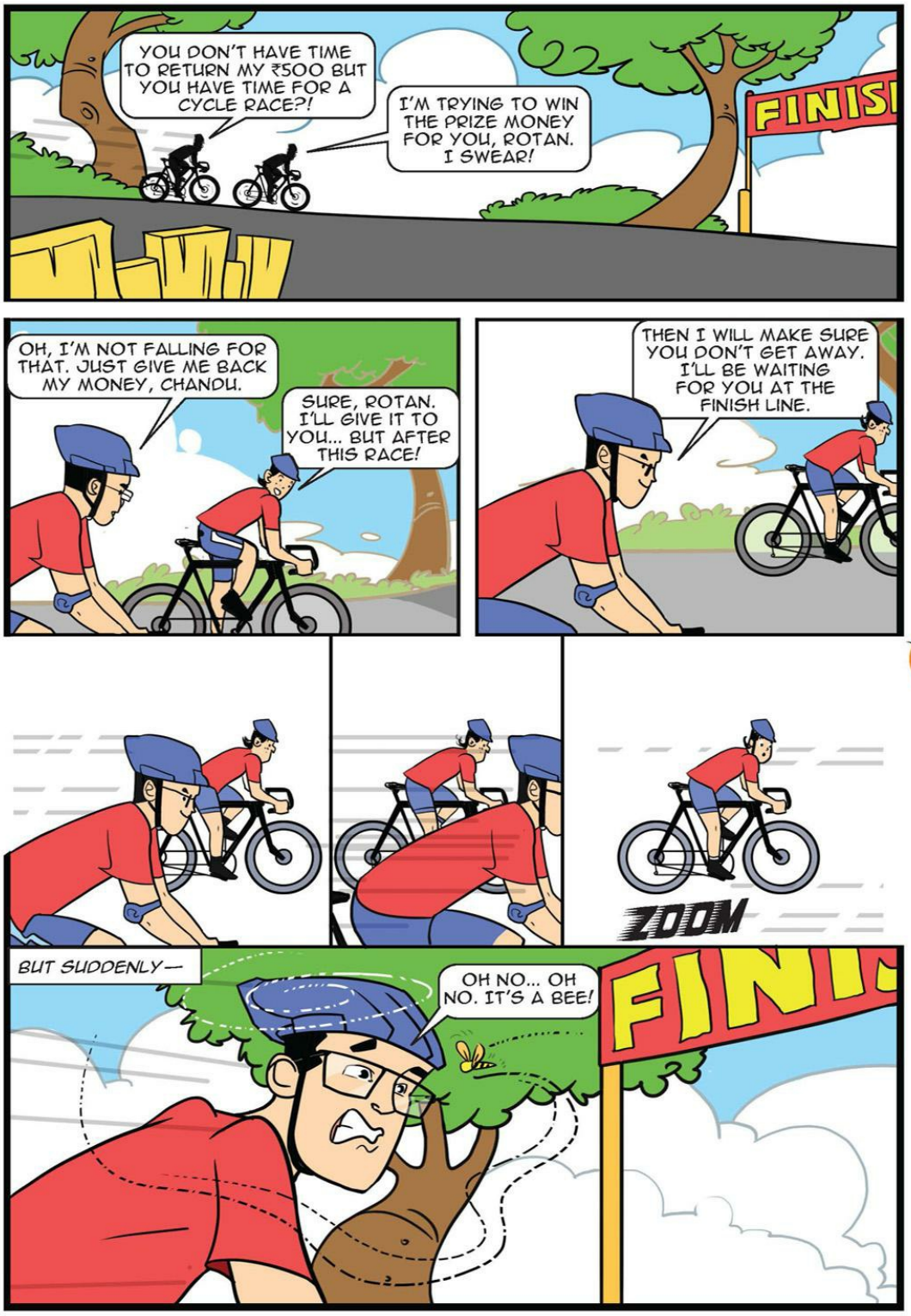


...One day, from my balcony I saw a man trying to ride a cycle but all his efforts were useless as he kept falling off. That sight gave me the basic idea. The other characters like Khamkha were also inspired from real-life people. Some facts and some imagination helped me weave the story together." – **Manoshi Roy,** *Writer*

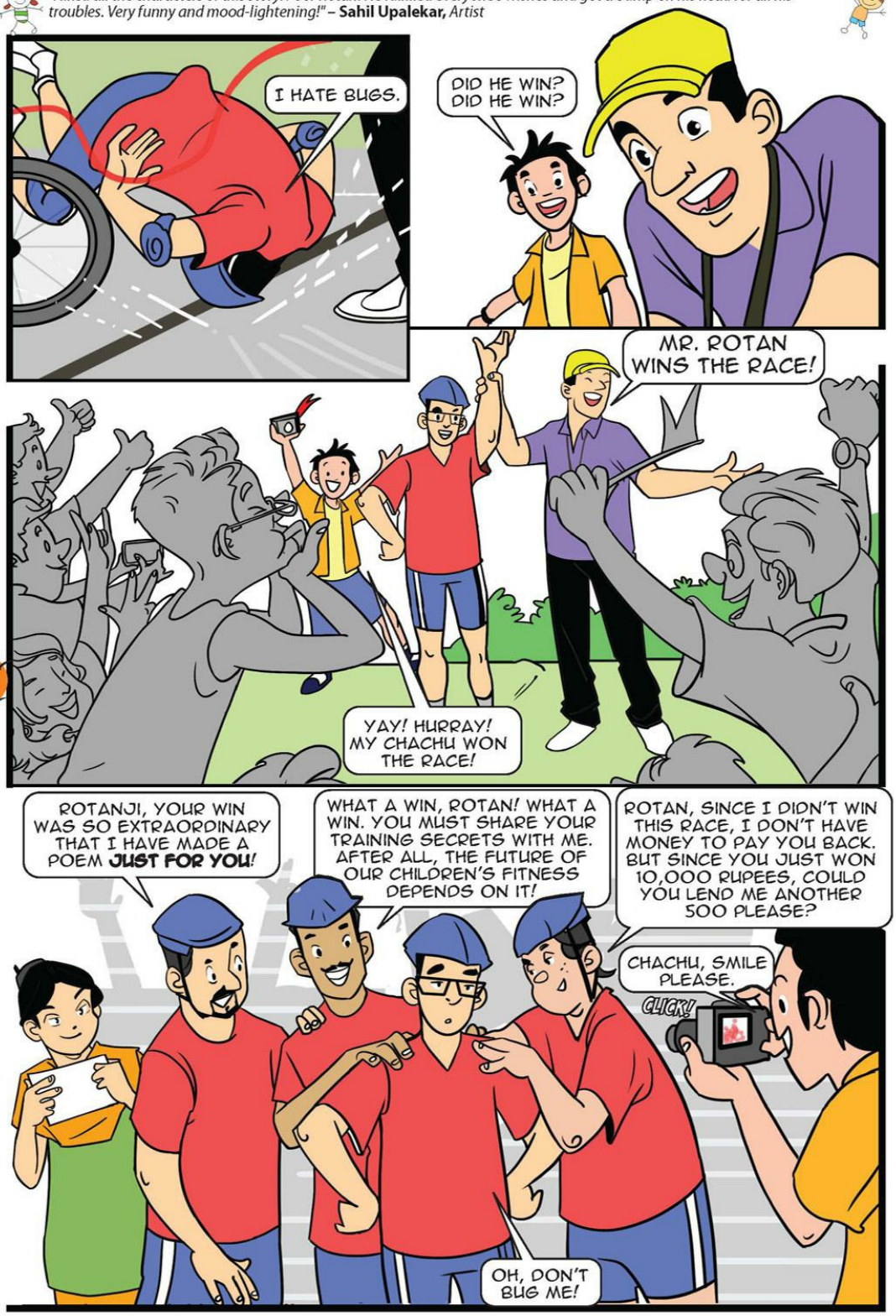


"It was a lot of fun reading Manoshi Roy's story and even more so scripting it. This story is full of laughs, giggles and tickles. I hope the readers enjoy it too." – **Shruti Dave,** *Scriptwriter*



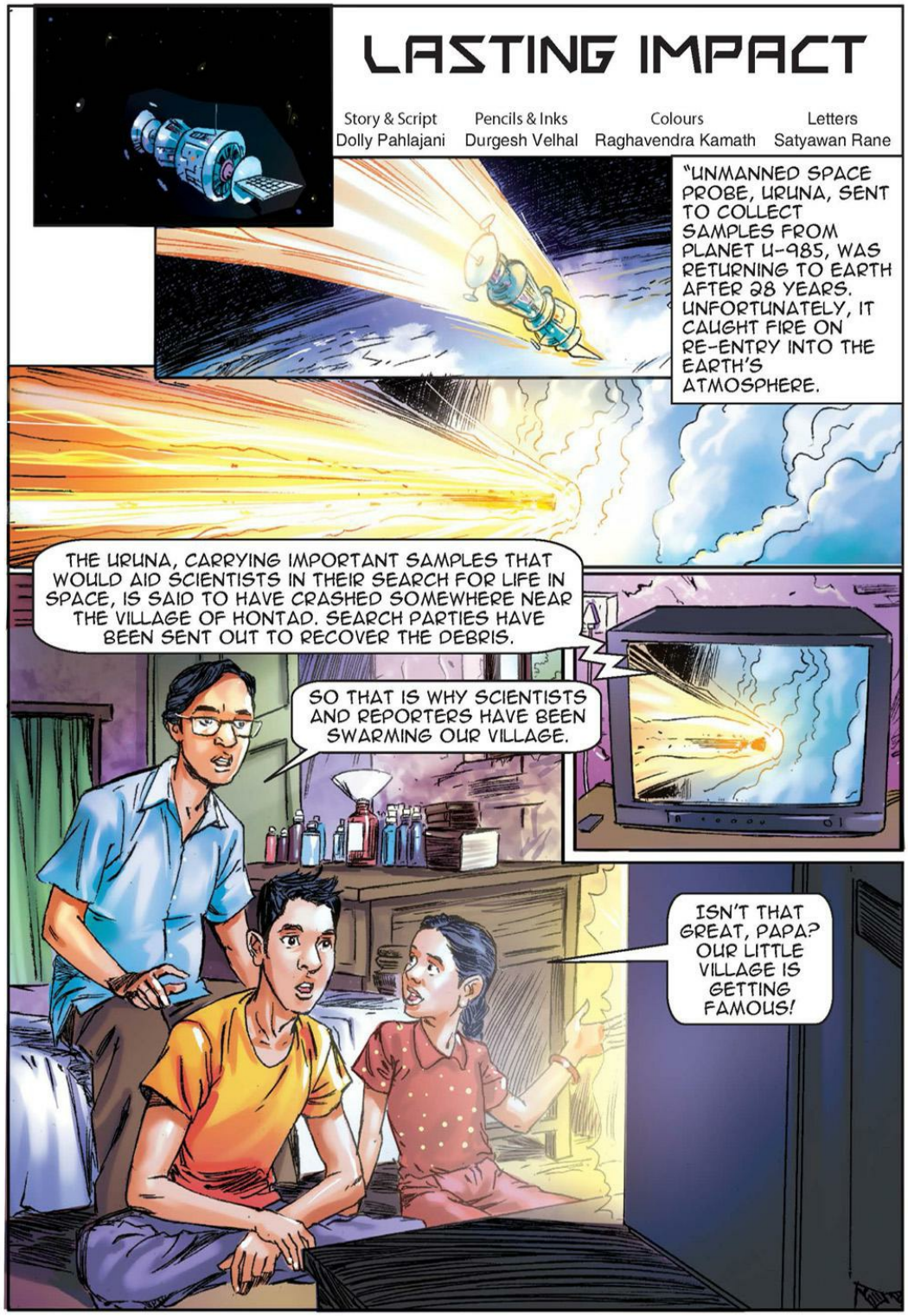

YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO RETURN MY ₹500 BUT YOU HAVE TIME FOR A CYCLE RACE?!
I'M TRYING TO WIN THE PRIZE MONEY FOR YOU, ROTAN. I SWEAR!
FINISH
OH, I'M NOT FALLING FOR THAT. JUST GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY, CHANDU.
SURE, ROTAN. I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU... BUT AFTER THIS RACE!
THEN I WILL MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GET AWAY. I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU AT THE FINISH LINE.
ZOOM
BUT SUDDENLY—
OH NO... OH NO. IT'S A BEE!
FINIS

"I liked all the characters of this story. Poor Rotan! He fulfilled everyone's wishes and got a bump on his head for all his troubles. Very funny and mood-lightening!" – **Sahil Upalekar,** *Artist*

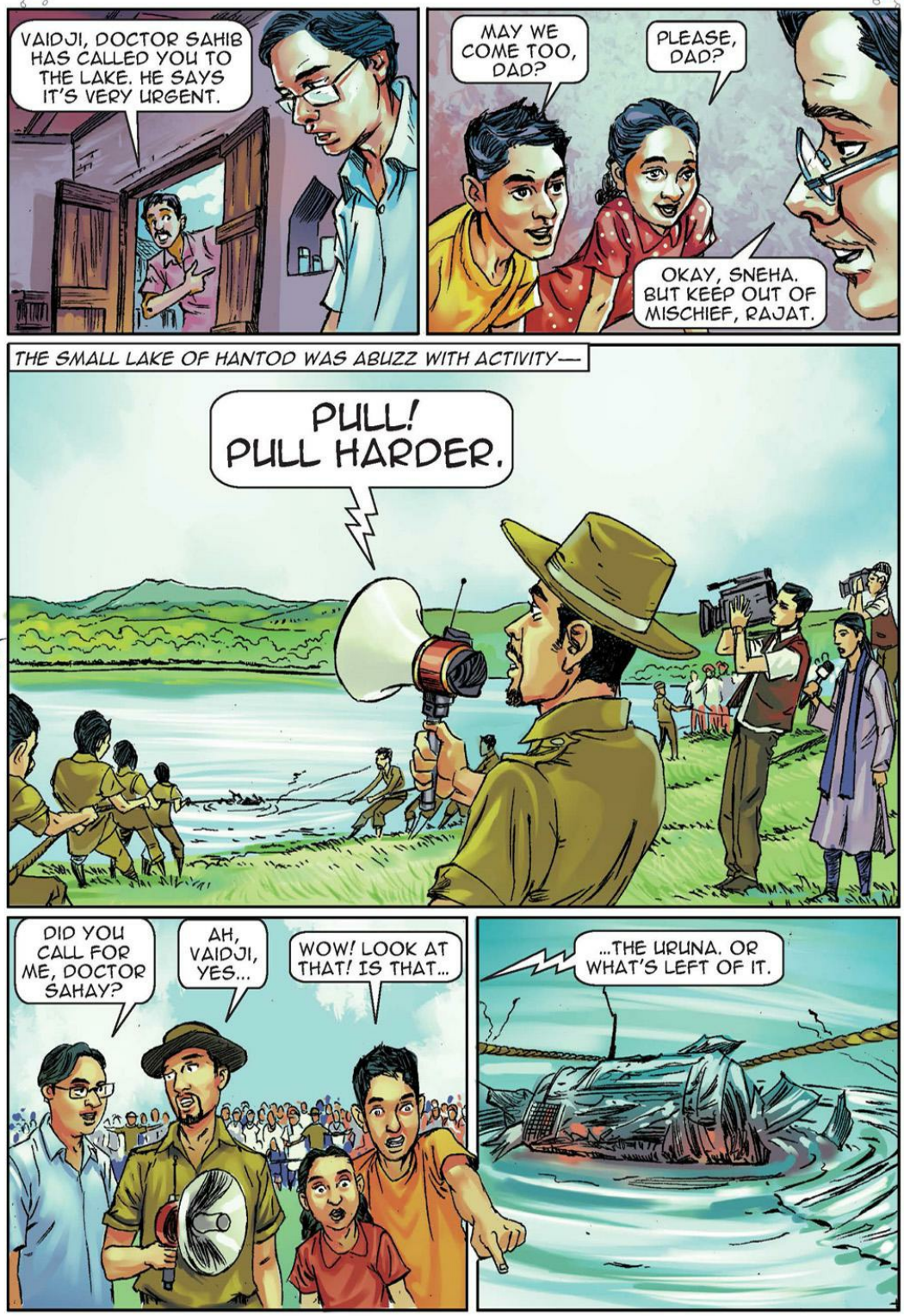


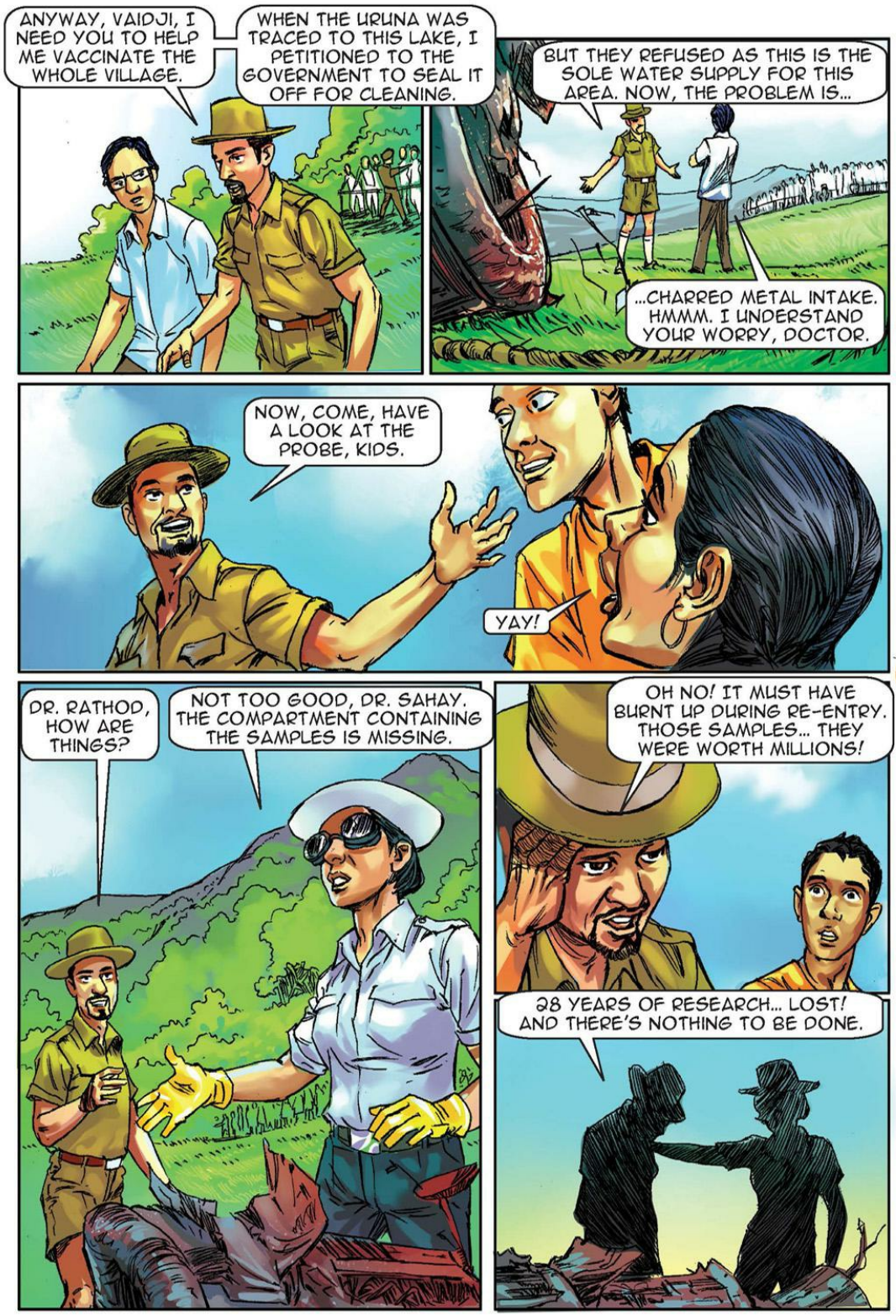
LASTING IMPACT

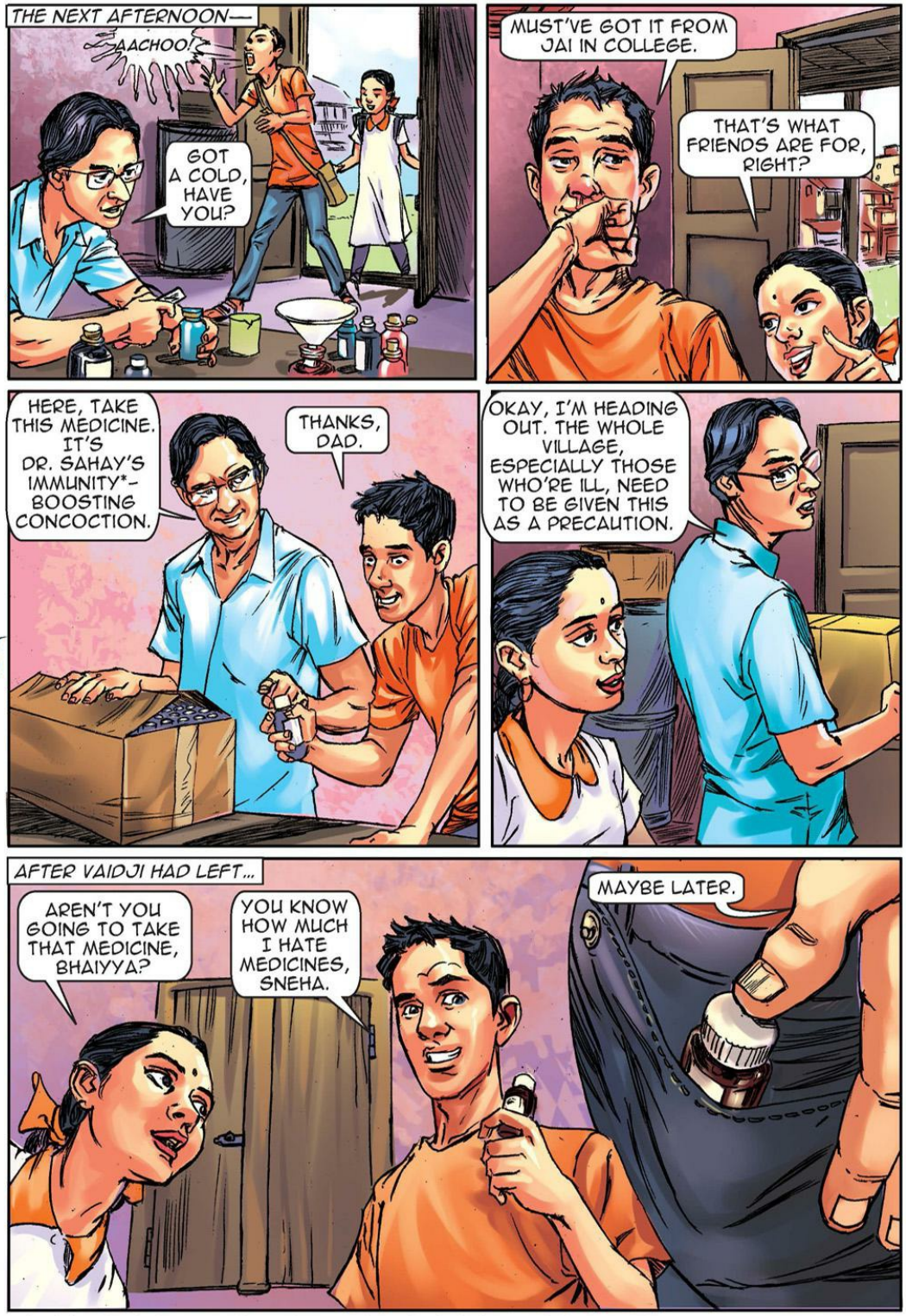
Story & Script: Dolly Pahlajani
Pencils & Inks: Durgesh Velhal
Colours: Raghavendra Kamath
Letters: Satyawan Rane



"As I am a fan of science fiction, I liked the plot of this story. The artwork is exceptional and has a traditional and rustic feel to it. So I coloured it with minimal and basic tones. I hope you enjoy it." – **Raghavendra Kamath,** *Colourist*




ANYWAY, VAIDJI, I NEED YOU TO HELP ME VACCINATE THE WHOLE VILLAGE.
WHEN THE URUNA WAS TRACED TO THIS LAKE, I PETITIONED TO THE GOVERNMENT TO SEAL IT OFF FOR CLEANING.
BUT THEY REFUSED AS THIS IS THE SOLE WATER SUPPLY FOR THIS AREA. NOW, THE PROBLEM IS...
...CHARRED METAL INTAKE. HMMM. I UNDERSTAND YOUR WORRY, DOCTOR.
NOW, COME, HAVE A LOOK AT THE PROBE, KIDS.
YAY!
DR. RATHOD, HOW ARE THINGS?
NOT TOO GOOD, DR. SAHAY. THE COMPARTMENT CONTAINING THE SAMPLES IS MISSING.
OH NO! IT MUST HAVE BURNT UP DURING RE-ENTRY. THOSE SAMPLES... THEY WERE WORTH MILLIONS!
28 YEARS OF RESEARCH... LOST! AND THERE'S NOTHING TO BE DONE.



*The ability of our body to resist infection, disease and any other kind of invasion by bacteria and viruses

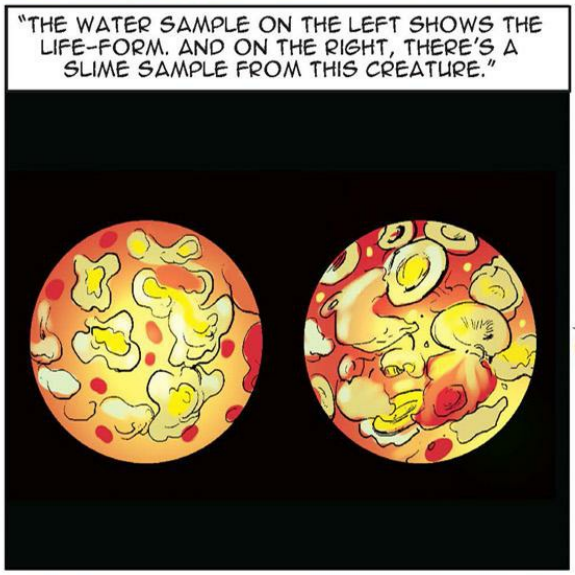
TWO DAYS LATER, AT COLLEGE—
RAGINI?
PRESENT.
JAI? JAI?
ABSENT THEN.
ABSENT FOR TWO DAYS IN A ROW. I MUST CHECK ON JAI TODAY.
AFTER CLASS—
NAMASTEY, AUNTY. WHERE'S JAI?
HE'S UNWELL. COME IN, RAJAT.
OH, DEAR, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT THE CHILLS TOO. I JUST GOT JAI VACCINATED YESTERDAY. BUT HE'S STILL ILL.
Aaachoo!
JAI, DEAR, WHY HAVE YOU DARKENED THE ROOM AGAIN?
SWISH
(GASP!)
GRRRRR.

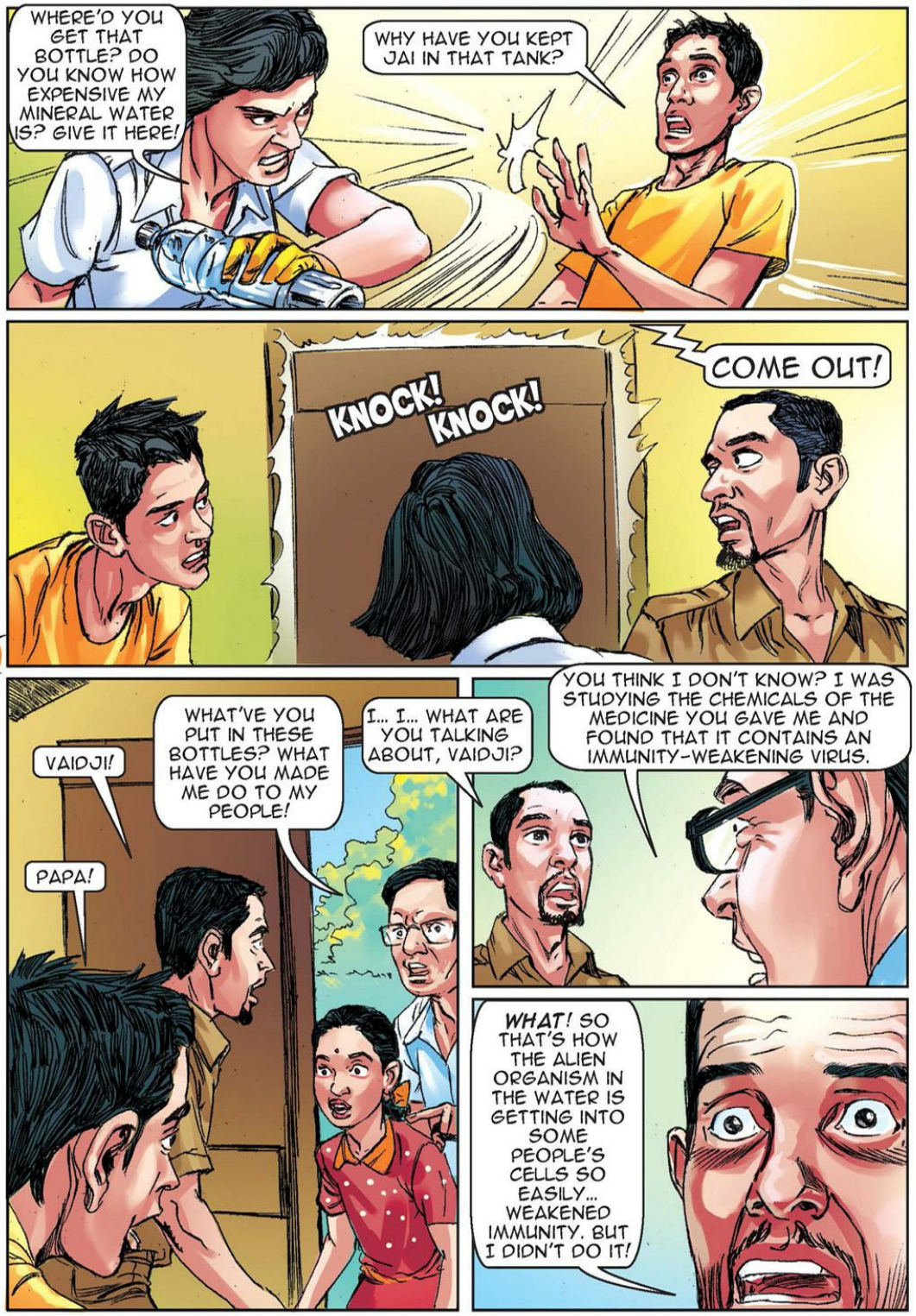
JAI, NO!
RAJAT...??
...WATER! LAKE!
W-WHAT ABOUT IT?
SMASH
AAARRRGH!
JAI, STOP!
HE'S HEADED FOR THE LAKE... THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.
HEY, WATCH IT!
MEANWHILE, NEAR THE LAKE...
AT LEAST THE MEDIA HAS GONE. NOW I CAN RUN SOME TESTS IN MY MAKESHIFT LAB IN PEACE. WHAT SAY, ROVER BOY?
SLURP!

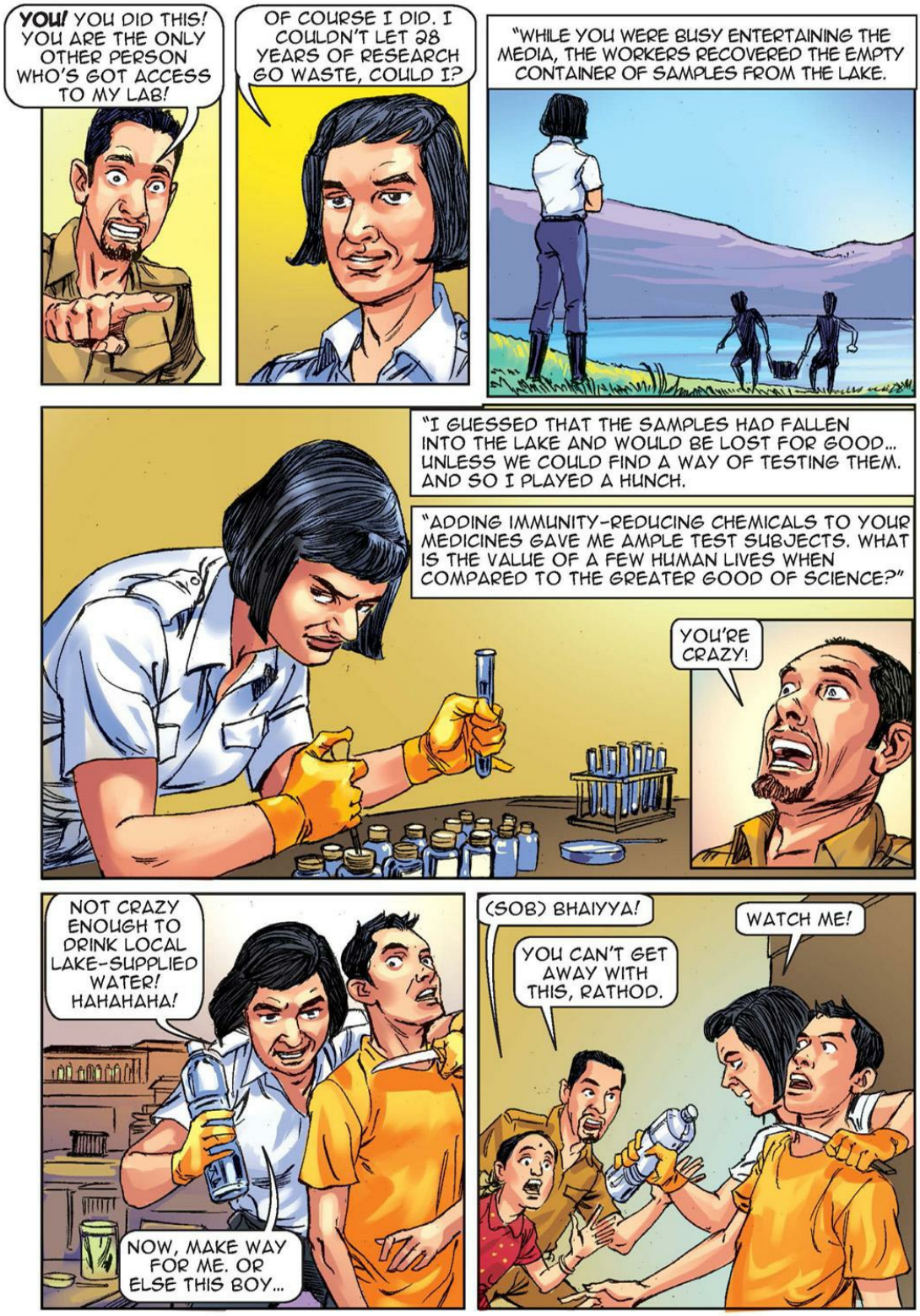
DR. SAHAY, WATCH OUT!
HUH?
GARRRR!
THUD
DR. SAHAY (PANT), ARE YOU ALL RIGHT (GASP)?
BARK! BAARK!
I D-DON'T KNOW. AM I S-SEEING THINGS?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
LOOK THERE!

"Working on 'Lasting Impact' was a nice experience. I had to work on the mutated characters. The characters transform from their normal form to marine things, and that was the challenging part to draw. I searched...

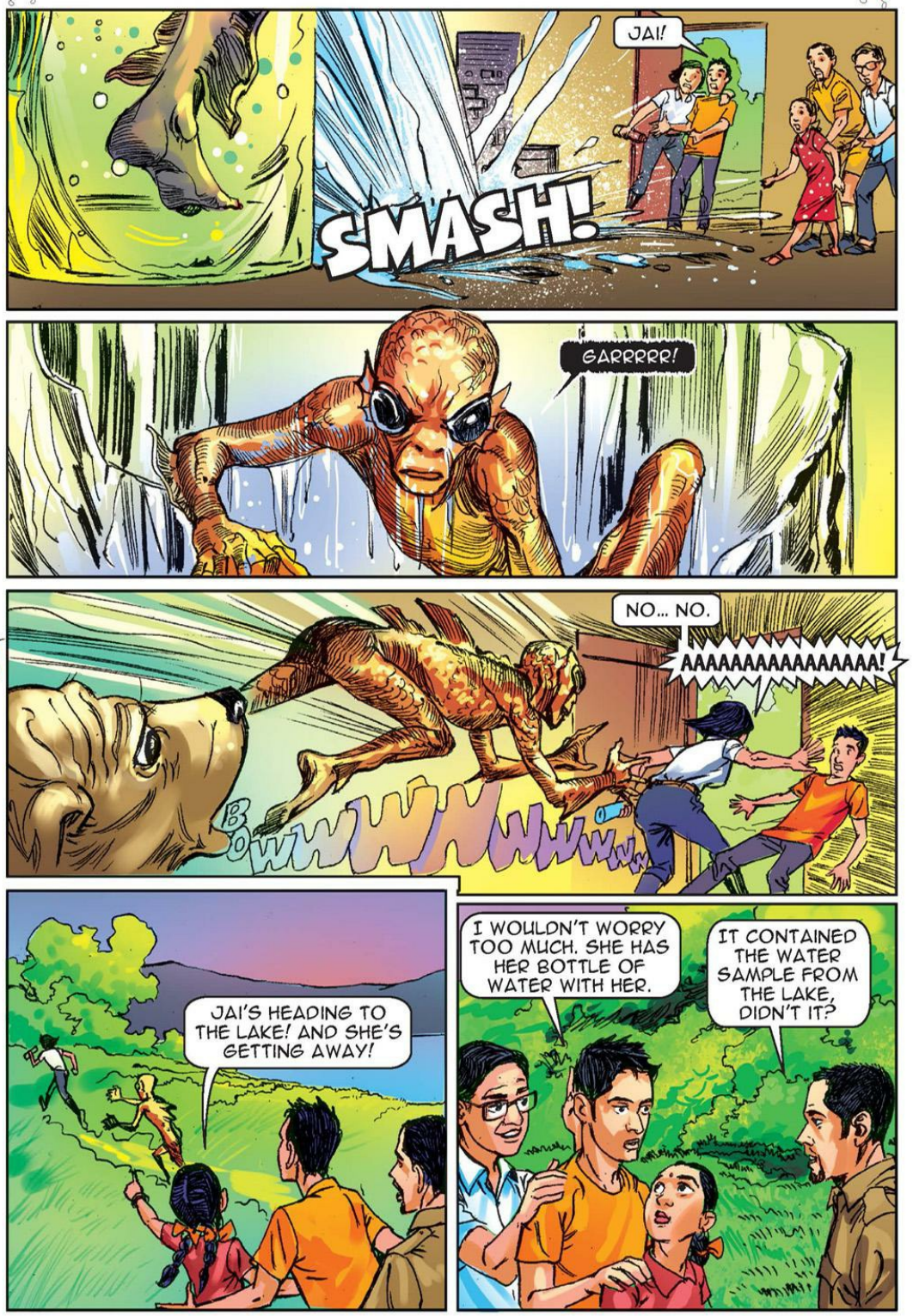
"...the web and referred a few comics for concepts and came up with a concept—'how a fish would look when it has a human body' and lo! I had my characters." – **Durgesh Velhal,** *Artist*



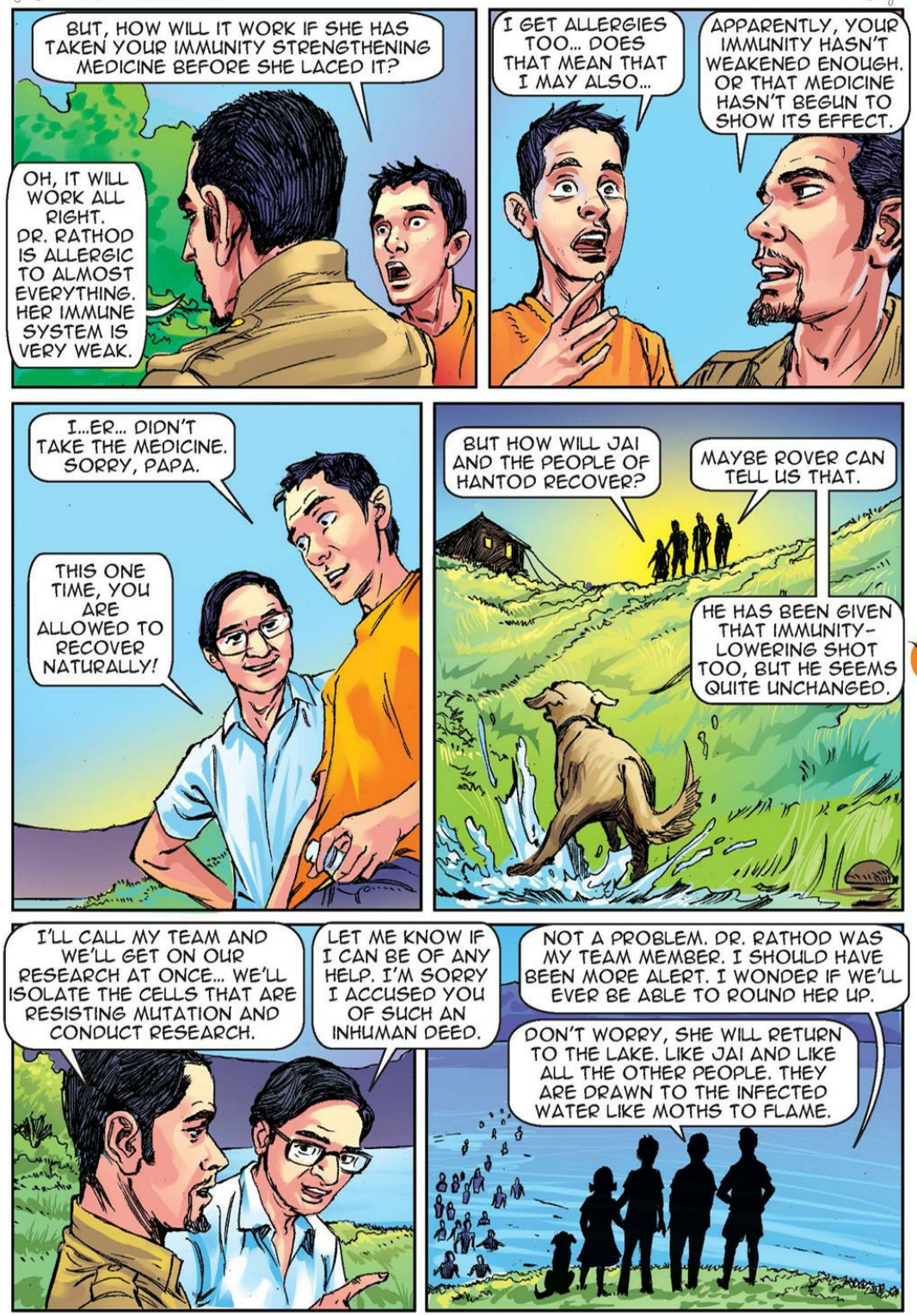

WHERE'D YOU GET THAT BOTTLE? DO YOU KNOW HOW EXPENSIVE MY MINERAL WATER IS? GIVE IT HERE!
WHY HAVE YOU KEPT JAI IN THAT TANK?
KNOCK! KNOCK!
COME OUT!
VAIDJI!
PAPA!
WHAT'VE YOU PUT IN THESE BOTTLES? WHAT HAVE YOU MADE ME DO TO MY PEOPLE!
I... I... WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, VAIDJI?
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW? I WAS STUDYING THE CHEMICALS OF THE MEDICINE YOU GAVE ME AND FOUND THAT IT CONTAINS AN IMMUNITY-WEAKENING VIRUS.
WHAT! SO THAT'S HOW THE ALIEN ORGANISM IN THE WATER IS GETTING INTO SOME PEOPLE'S CELLS SO EASILY... WEAKENED IMMUNITY. BUT I DIDN'T DO IT!


YOU! YOU DID THIS! YOU ARE THE ONLY OTHER PERSON WHO'S GOT ACCESS TO MY LAB!
OF COURSE I DID. I COULDN'T LET 28 YEARS OF RESEARCH GO WASTE, COULD I?
"WHILE YOU WERE BUSY ENTERTAINING THE MEDIA, THE WORKERS RECOVERED THE EMPTY CONTAINER OF SAMPLES FROM THE LAKE.
"I GUESSED THAT THE SAMPLES HAD FALLEN INTO THE LAKE AND WOULD BE LOST FOR GOOD... UNLESS WE COULD FIND A WAY OF TESTING THEM. AND SO I PLAYED A HUNCH.
"ADDING IMMUNITY-REDUCING CHEMICALS TO YOUR MEDICINES GAVE ME AMPLE TEST SUBJECTS. WHAT IS THE VALUE OF A FEW HUMAN LIVES WHEN COMPARED TO THE GREATER GOOD OF SCIENCE?"
YOU'RE CRAZY!
NOT CRAZY ENOUGH TO DRINK LOCAL LAKE-SUPPLIED WATER! HAHAHAHA!
NOW, MAKE WAY FOR ME. OR ELSE THIS BOY...
(SOB) BHAIYYA!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, RATHOD.
WATCH ME!

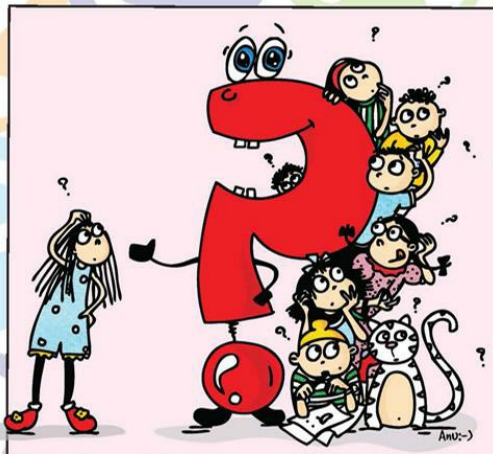
"I seldom have dreams... my sleep is usually dreamless and peaceful. So, when I do get a dream (and manage to remember it when I wake up), it is quite an event for me! That's exactly what happened with 'Lasting Impact'. I saw a dream...



"...in which a space probe fell into a water-supply tank and the infected water turned all my friends and relatives into aliens. Fortunately, the dream didn't come true (phew)... but a story did! Hope it leaves a 'Lasting Impact' on you!"
– Dolly Pahlajani, *Writer*



MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE A FEW MILES AWAY...
(GASP-PANT) THESE SAMPLES WILL MAKE ME FAMOUS! DR. ANJALI RATHOD HAS CHANGED THE COURSE OF HISTORY BY CREATING A NEW LIFE-FORM. HAHAHAHA... (COUGH-COUGH)!
WATER. I NEED MY WATER.
EXCELLENT. READY TO GO NOW.
I JUST NEED TO GET TO THE NEAREST ROAD AND ASK FOR A LIFT.
JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE... SO TIRED.
WATER. I NEED... WATER! TO THE LAKE!



Riddle Me This!

1. Two bodies have I, though both joined in one. The more still I stand, the quicker I run.

2. What stays in one corner but travels around the world?

3. Forwards I'm heavy, backwards I'm not. What am I?

4. What always runs but never walks, often murmurs, never talks, has a bed but never sleeps, has a mouth but never eats?

5. What happens once in a minute, twice in a moment and yet never in a thousand years?

6. A man is driving along and sees three doors—a golden door, a silver door and a diamond door. Which door does he open first?

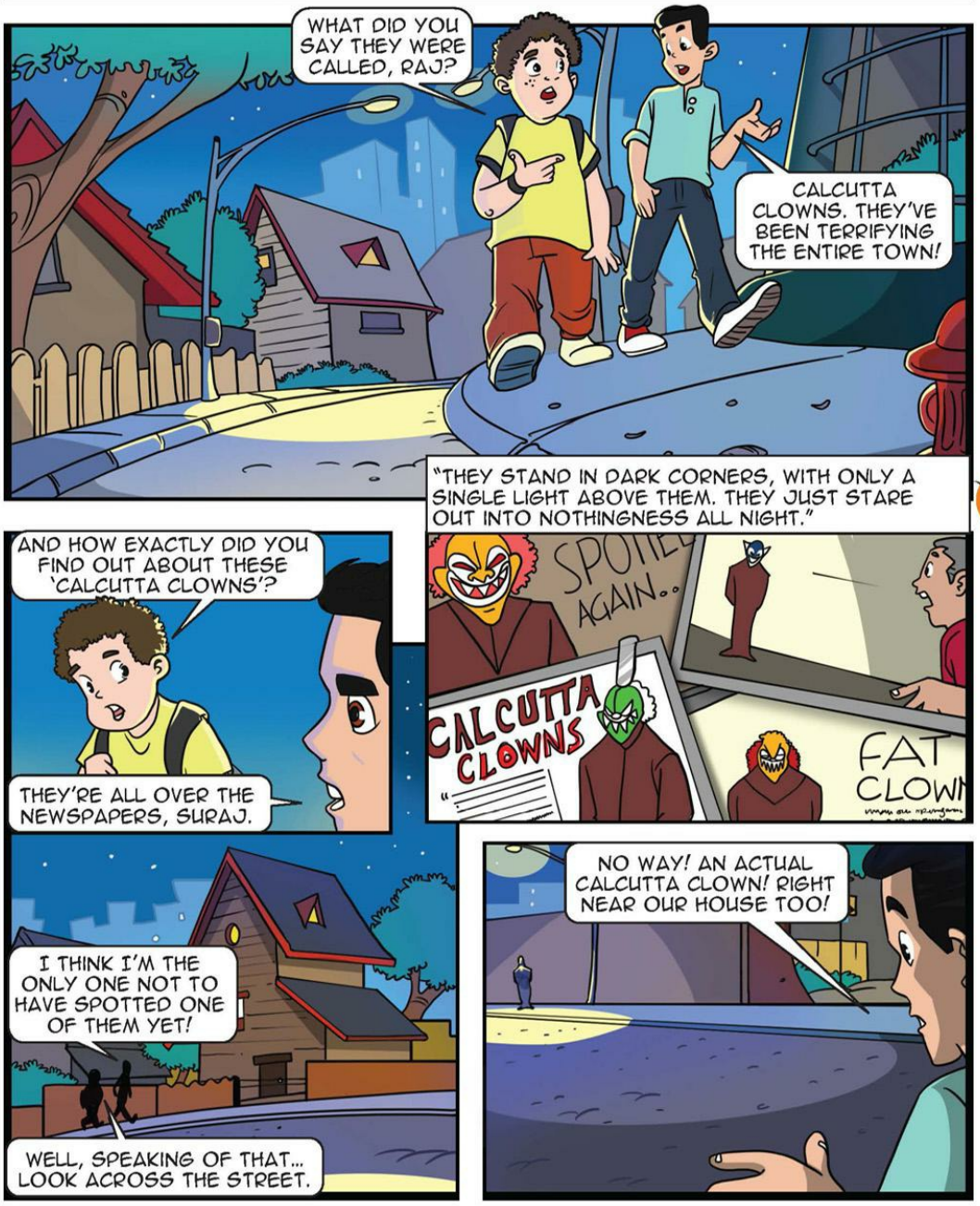
7. What has rivers with no water, forests but no trees and cities with no buildings?

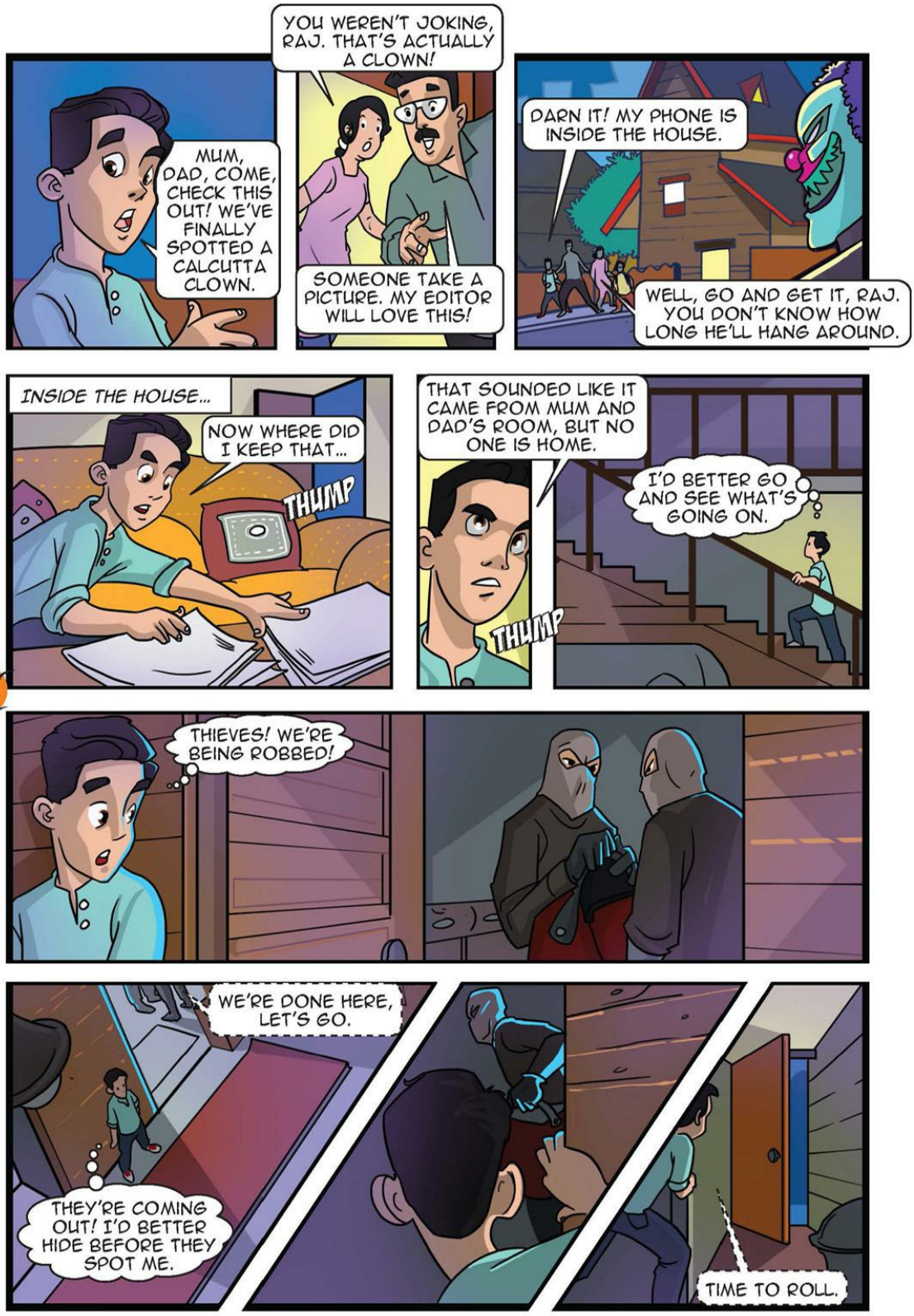
8. How can you poke a balloon without popping it?

Turn to page 98 for Answers

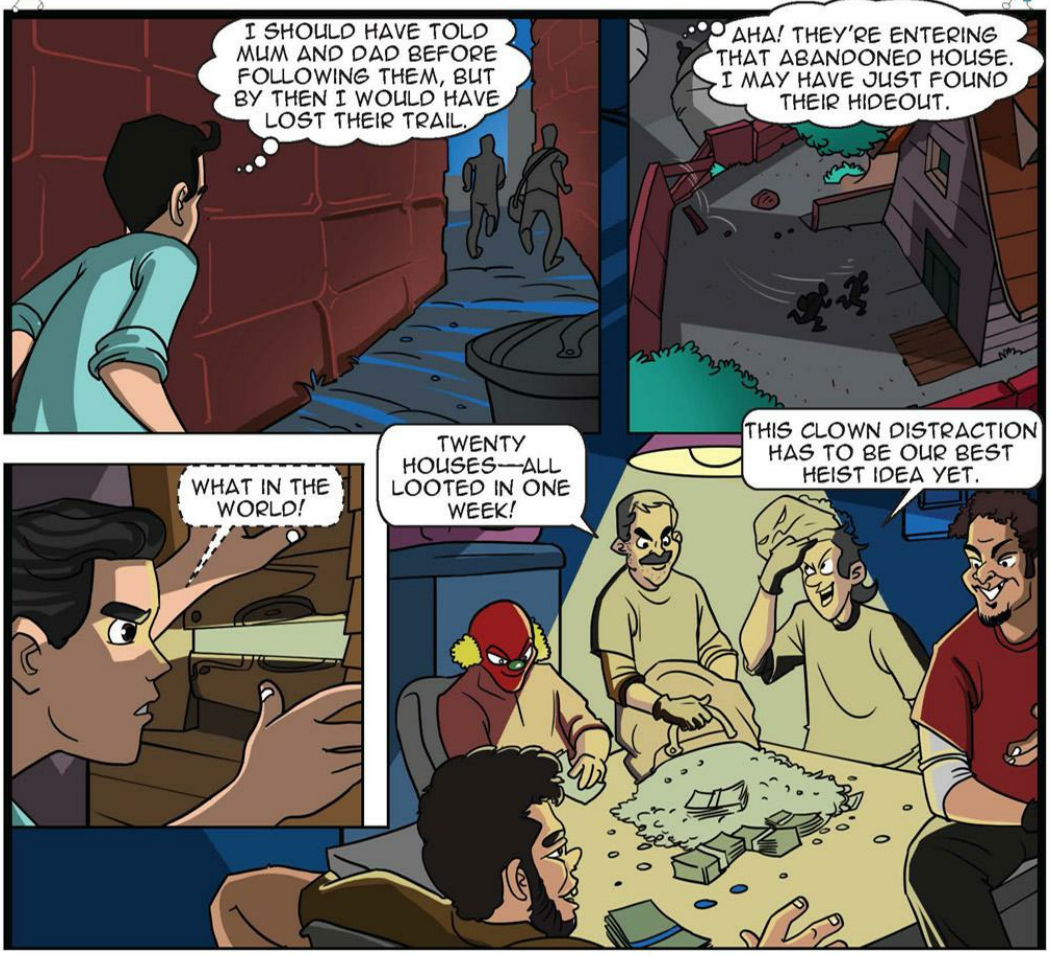
CALCUTTA CLOWNS

Story & Script Sean D'mello
Art Sahil Upalekar
Letters Pranay Bendre

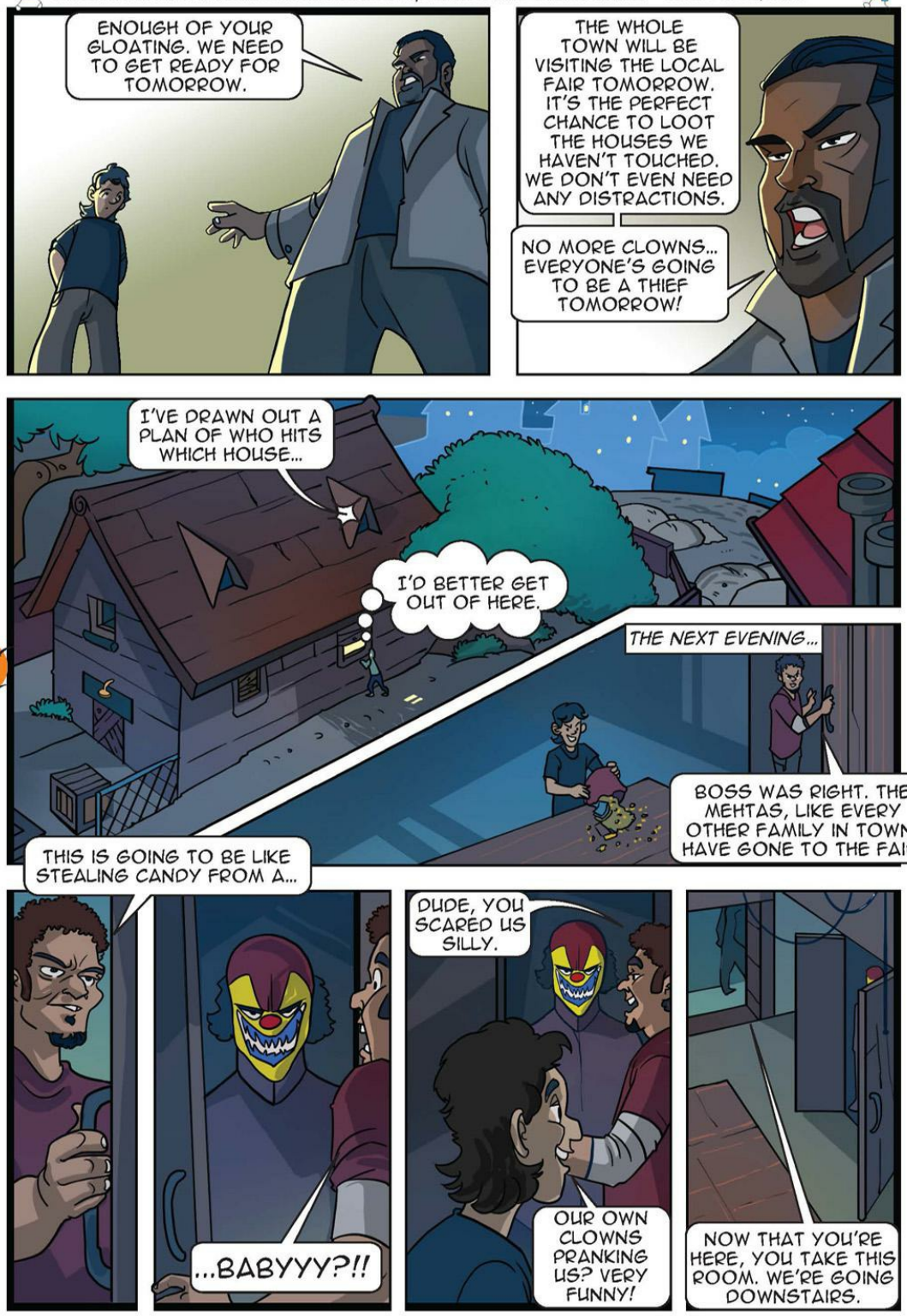


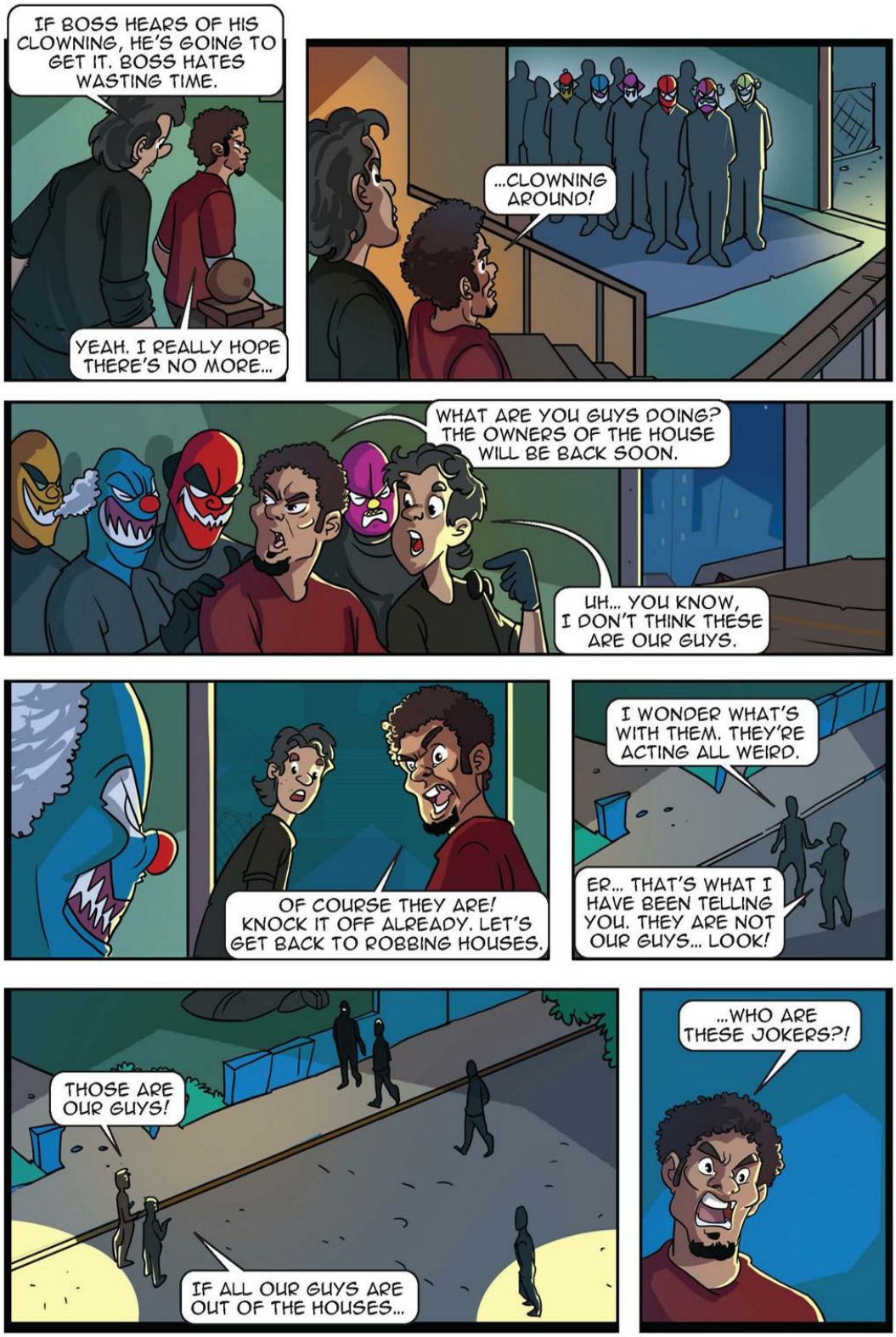

MUM, DAD, COME, CHECK THIS OUT! WE'VE FINALLY SPOTTED A CALCUTTA CLOWN.
YOU WEREN'T JOKING, RAJ. THAT'S ACTUALLY A CLOWN!
SOMEONE TAKE A PICTURE. MY EDITOR WILL LOVE THIS!
DARN IT! MY PHONE IS INSIDE THE HOUSE.
WELL, GO AND GET IT, RAJ. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LONG HE'LL HANG AROUND.
INSIDE THE HOUSE...
NOW WHERE DID I KEEP THAT...
THUMP
THAT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM MUM AND DAD'S ROOM, BUT NO ONE IS HOME.
THUMP
I'D BETTER GO AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON.
THIEVES! WE'RE BEING ROBBED!
WE'RE DONE HERE, LET'S GO.
THEY'RE COMING OUT! I'D BETTER HIDE BEFORE THEY SPOT ME.
TIME TO ROLL.

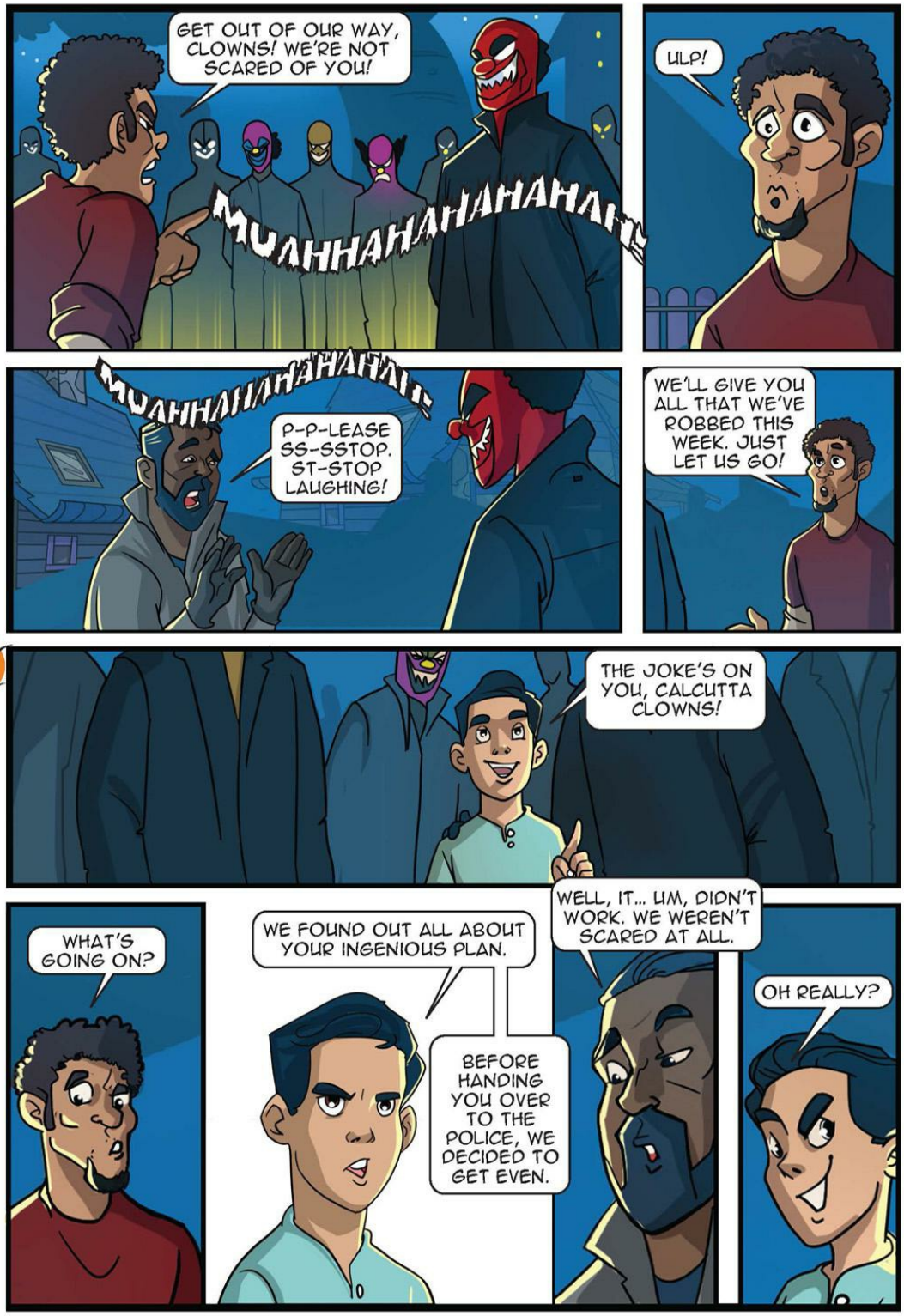
"I really enjoyed working on the story since the story features creepy clowns." – **Pranay Bendre,** *Letterer*



"In the week leading up to my story submission deadline, I came across a story about clowns who were terrorizing a city in the US. These clowns would just stand under streetlights for hours. They wouldn't do or say anything; they would just stand and stare. That incident fascinated me and it is what inspired me to write 'Calcutta Clowns'." – **Sean D'mello,** *Writer*



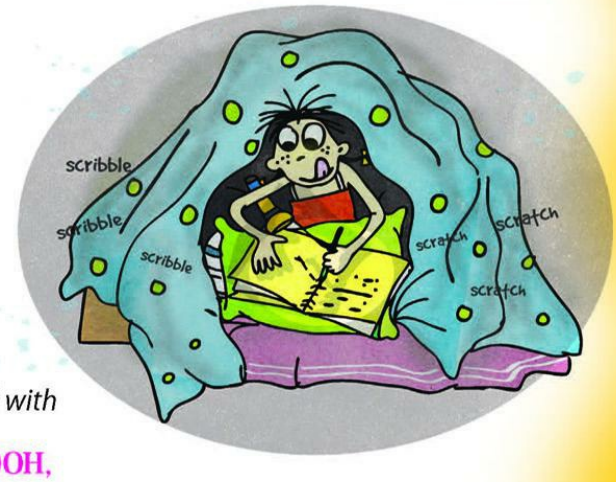

IF BOSS HEARS OF HIS CLOWNING, HE'S GOING TO GET IT. BOSS HATES WASTING TIME.
YEAH. I REALLY HOPE THERE'S NO MORE...
...CLOWNING AROUND!
WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING? THE OWNERS OF THE HOUSE WILL BE BACK SOON.
UH... YOU KNOW, I DON'T THINK THESE ARE OUR GUYS.
OF COURSE THEY ARE! KNOCK IT OFF ALREADY. LET'S GET BACK TO ROBBING HOUSES.
I WONDER WHAT'S WITH THEM. THEY'RE ACTING ALL WEIRD.
ER... THAT'S WHAT I HAVE BEEN TELLING YOU. THEY ARE NOT OUR GUYS... LOOK!
THOSE ARE OUR GUYS!
IF ALL OUR GUYS ARE OUT OF THE HOUSES...
...WHO ARE THESE JOKERS?!


GET OUT OF OUR WAY, CLOWNS! WE'RE NOT SCARED OF YOU!
MUAHHAHAHAHAHAHA
ULP!
MUAHHAHAHAHAHAHA
P-P-LEASE SS-SSTOP. ST-STOP LAUGHING!
WE'LL GIVE YOU ALL THAT WE'VE ROBBED THIS WEEK. JUST LET US GO!
THE JOKE'S ON YOU, CALCUTTA CLOWNS!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
WE FOUND OUT ALL ABOUT YOUR INGENIOUS PLAN.
BEFORE HANDING YOU OVER TO THE POLICE, WE DECIDED TO GET EVEN.
WELL, IT... UM, DIDN'T WORK. WE WEREN'T SCARED AT ALL.
OH REALLY?

"Well, I like suspense and thriller stories way too much. 'Calcutta Clowns' is a small but very interesting story. Though it has suspense, it carries a funny climax. Really liked it!!" – **Sahil Upalekar,** *Artist*

A Room of One's Own

-Svani Parekh



Deep in the shroud of midnight, tiny **scratch-scratch-scratch** noises filtered through the cricket's nightlife and the infuriating sounds of oblivious snoring. Hidden underneath a thick blanket, with a flashlight propped in the crook of her arm, Veda was scribbling away on a note pad, muttering feverishly…

Sweeping across the stormy deck, the duchess stretched out to touch the beautiful alabaster face, splayed with colour, and declared magnificently…

"GIGGLE! GIGGLE! HEHEHE! OOOH, CHOCOLATE CAKE!"

Veda threw the blanket off and glared down her bunk bed towards the floor of her dormitory. Her flashlight caught a circle of girls wearing nightgowns and expressions of unmistakable glee that could only mean one thing… **MIDNIGHT FEAST!**

"KEEP IT DOWN!" Veda growled. "I'm trying to win a Booker Prize here!"

"This is a dormitory. Get used to it, Shakespeare," Shilpi replied gaily, waving a piece of chocolate cake in the air. "Writers write in crowded places, right? Cafes, parks, err... train stations? It stimulates the brain and all!"

"But I want to be like Woolf."

"Real or… umm… the full-moon type?" Shilpi looked about nervously. She never knew what people who fancied themselves writers wanted.

Veda's jaw dropped. "No! The WRITER! Virginia Woolf! The writer who said, 'A woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction.'

Shilpi shrugged, "Well, I guess she never lived in a dorm. Come on, loosen up… take a swig of some…", she looked at a juice container, "…expired juice. Hmmm… who was in charge of the drinks?"

"ENOUGH!" Veda pushed her giggling dorm-mates out of the door, loading their arms with tetra packs of juice, "Why don't you go into the next room for your feast? Here, take my juice packs."

"Hey, that's awfully generous of…"

"Just go!"

Veda's dorm-mates bustled off, gleeful with their extorted fresh-ish juice and Veda hissed, "Quiet! Don't wake Matron up!"

In the fresh, silent wake of their departure, Veda rubbed her eyes and stared blearily at the scribbles on her notepad.

"Yes, so… *The Duchess magnificently proclaims, "Oh silver spinning stars! Oh terrible threads of my past, twining around my solitary soul…"*

THUD! THUD! THUDDDDD!

"Whaaaa…?!"

Illustrations: Anupama Apte
Layout: Prasad Sawant

"When I was in school, I was quite fascinated by the idea of living in a hostel with friends. So I was quite excited when this story came to me for illustrations. I read the story twice before finalizing the most interesting (and important) visuals for the story. And I thought about my childhood pals while creating the characters. I particularly enjoyed drawing the toothless Matron."
– Anupama Apte, *Artist*

Veda grabbed her watch; the display read 3:07 A.M.

THUDDDDDD!

The bed was shaking, the sound was drilling into her brain. She sat up and shone her light into the dorm…

"Guys?"

The girls were scrambling back into the room, armed with uneaten goodies.

"Godzilla!" Shilpi moaned.

Veda tiptoed to the door, opened it slightly, and… caught her breath quickly.

"The main door is open!" She shrieked, slamming the door shut.

"What??" Shilpi gibbered. "But that's… that's…"

"This is a serious breach of security," the hefty Divya intoned, picking up her hockey stick meaningfully. "Time for the Special Dorm Crime Unit to step..."

Veda stopped her, "Hang on. I suspect a seriously incompetent cat burglar or… a scientist robbed of his life's work, stripped of his Secret Formula, bound and left in the water tank of the building, where he is banging his feet against the pipes to attract attention."

"I say it's a stinking thief!" Divya yowled, ready for battle, when—

THUDDD!

And a low moan sounded. An elderly, feminine moan.

"Ghost!" howled Shilpi, now positively green.

Veda bravely opened the door a crack and found herself staring right at… Matron.

Veda sucked in her breath. Catching sight of Matron on the night of a Midnight Feast, when telltale crumbs littered the floor, the smell of fresh oranges wafted through the air and the girls were stuffed with cold drinks and garlic chips, was in itself enough to strike fear in the stoutest of hearts. But this nightmare had ambition; it had spun out much worse than that…

Matron was dressed in a flowing white nightgown. Her frizzy hair was crawling out from underneath a tight cap, and her dentures were conspicuous in their absence. And most importantly... she was wielding a huge wooden stick.

Veda let out a strangled squeak before she quickly covered her mouth to muffle it. But it was enough.

"Veda!" Matron turned on her, her eyes gleaming maniacally.

"No, it wasn't me, I…"

Matron lifted the stick with a vengeance.

Veda screamed. Matron brought it down with a deafening…

THUD.

On. The. Floor.

"It's tough to write in a dormitory. It's tough to write with roommates around. It's also tough to write when the traffic's howling, when a pesky sibling's yowling, when a neighbour's party is loud, or when your stomach's growling. There are so many annoyances interrupting your "literary masterpiece", that you finally...

"What are you doing?" Veda gasped in painful relief, as the other girls squeezed their heads through to see.

"Rat!" Matron snarled, through gritted teeth.

"Someone ratted on you guys!" Veda hissed softly to her dorm-mates.

"Clean up! I'll handle Matron." Divya nodded, still armed with her hockey stick, as the girls frantically cleaned the crumbs littering the floor.

Veda turned on the charm and confidence like a gushing tap.

"Matron, I don't know what anyone's told you but I assure you—nothing's going on here."

The Matron looked at her with wild, glinting eyes. "The plague is here! I can see those dirty crumbs and that sickening food and..."

"Plague? Oh, come on, let's not exaggerate… it was just some fun!"

"**FUN! FUN?!** All that disgusting running through the drains!"

Veda blinked mid-protest; something didn't ring quite right about that sentence. Then, it struck her.

"Oh you mean an actual rat?"

Matron snarled, whipping her stick around the ground, "As Matron of a dorm, I have better things to do than fantasize about rats! So, yes, I mean an actual rat!"

"There's no rat here, Matron," Veda said softly, then nodded at the stick. "Err... are you trying to lure one here with a… mating call? And if so, may I ask why?"

Divya nudged her, "Veda…"

"Quiet, I'm taking care of it."

"The rat is back!" Matron was suddenly wailing and thumping vindictively on the floor. "It ate the fruits on my table!"

"Ohoho! The rat's quite the enterprising soul, eh? Hehehe!" Veda chuckled, trying to lighten the mood, elbowing Matron in the stomach and leading her away from the dorm. "Stop gargling at me!" Matron snapped, rubbing her tummy.

"There! I saw it! I saw it!" Veda chirped, pointing at a corner of the hallway far away from their room and watching as Matron galloped away. "Well, good luck, I hope you get it!"

And she slammed the door shut. "Check the room for a rat! Pronto!" she barked.

The girls, standing on top of their beds, armed with deodorants and various sports rackets and sticks, gave a quick cursory glance around the room. "Negative! Nada! Zero!" came the replies.

"Great. Then we all just get back to snoozaroo. Oh, wait…" Veda opened the door carefully and said, "You know you could call pest-control, they're good at this sort of thing."

"...just can't think of anything else, and write about the annoyances themselves...tada! These annoyances suddenly throw off their cloaks, and reveal that they are fun stories in disguise, banging on your door! This (incredibly late) realization inspired me to write 'A Room of One's Own'." – **Svani Parekh,** *Writer*

The Matron looked at Veda like she was glistening, drenched in superhuman intelligence and boundless kindness.

"Good idea, Veda," she said tearfully, patting Veda on the head. "You were always one of my favourites." And she strode purposefully to the hallway phone like a guided missile, making parting thuds along the way.

Veda sleepily made her way to her bed and picked up her sheaf of papers. "Good grief, I bet Virginia Woolf never had to put up with this nonsense! Hmm… now where was I? Yes, *the Duchess drew herself up and…*" She began writing feverishly again…

The clock ticked away obliviously as Veda scribbled. The rest of the dorm slept in peace... until—

"Hey! Wake up! Wake up!" came the hiss into Shilpi's ear. Shilpi glared at her clock, which blinked that it was 5:23 A.M.

"Go away," Shilpi moaned, covering her head with her pillow. Dawn was stealing firmly into the room.

"No, you need to hear this!" Veda squeaked.

Shilpi, Divya and the rest of the girls woke up, bleary-eyed and angry.

"What?!" Shilpi growled.

Veda shuffled her papers and cleared her throat theatrically. *"The story of the brave young girl who saved her entire dorm from* **The Rat's Wrath—Veda the Rat Warrior."**

She beamed expectantly at her friends, who seemed decidedly less than thrilled.

"What about me?" Shilpi enquired, in a tone that indicated she was just below boiling point.

"I protected you," growled Divya, wielding her hockey stick meaningfully.

"Hey… the important thing is I realized that if I had a room of my own, this important story would have been lost forever!" Veda began, as her dorm-mates started to pelt her with anything they could lay their hands on. "I can still win that Booker!"

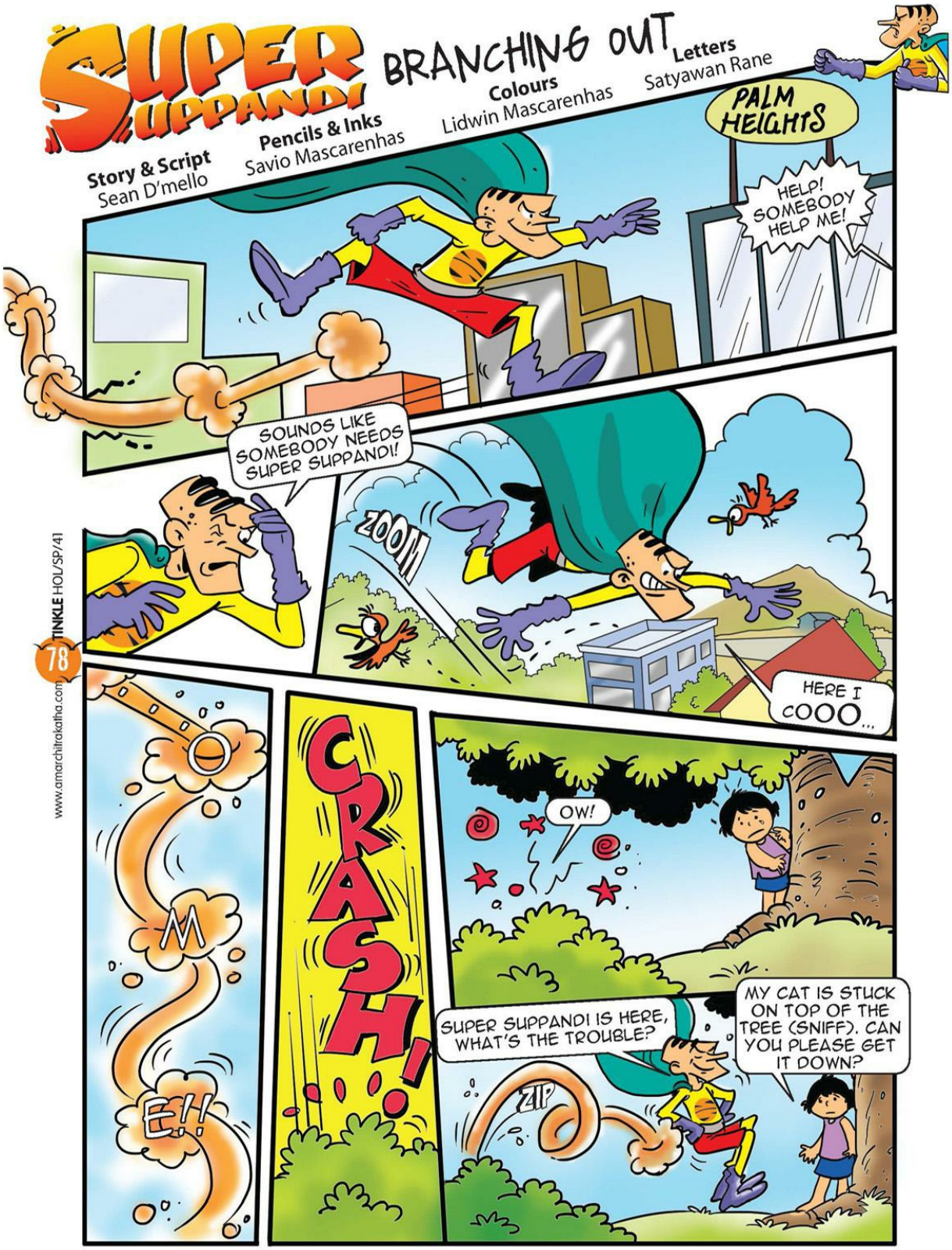
"I'll show you a Booker!" came the warm reply as a thick Maths textbook went flying over her head.

Veda hopped to the safety of her high bunk bed. A hairbrush whacked her on the head, and she froze, struck… both literally and…

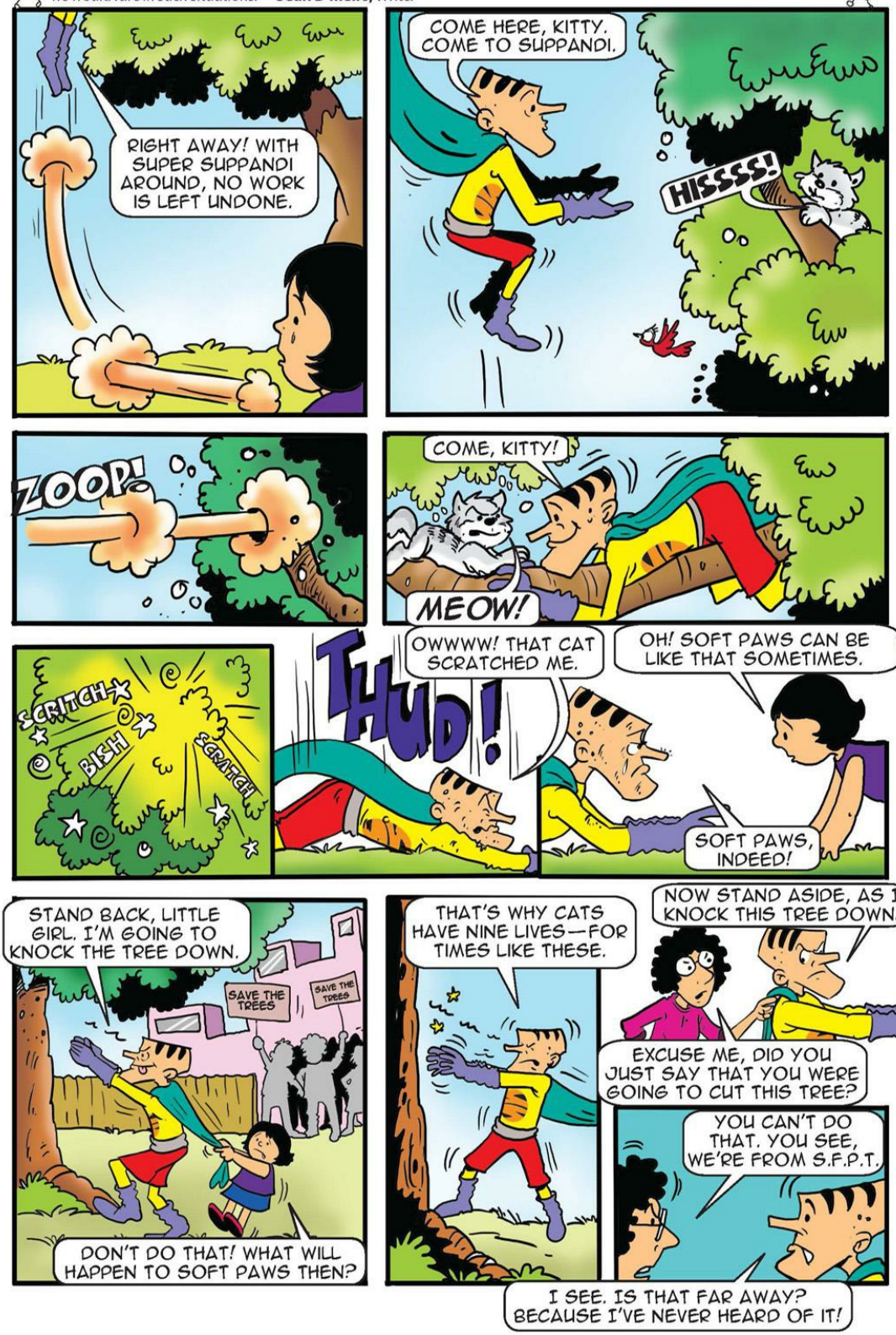
"Ooh, all this tumult and beautiful chaos... it just gave me a fantastic new idea!"

And she picked up her pen and began to scribble again. *And so the persecuted hero fled for her life…*

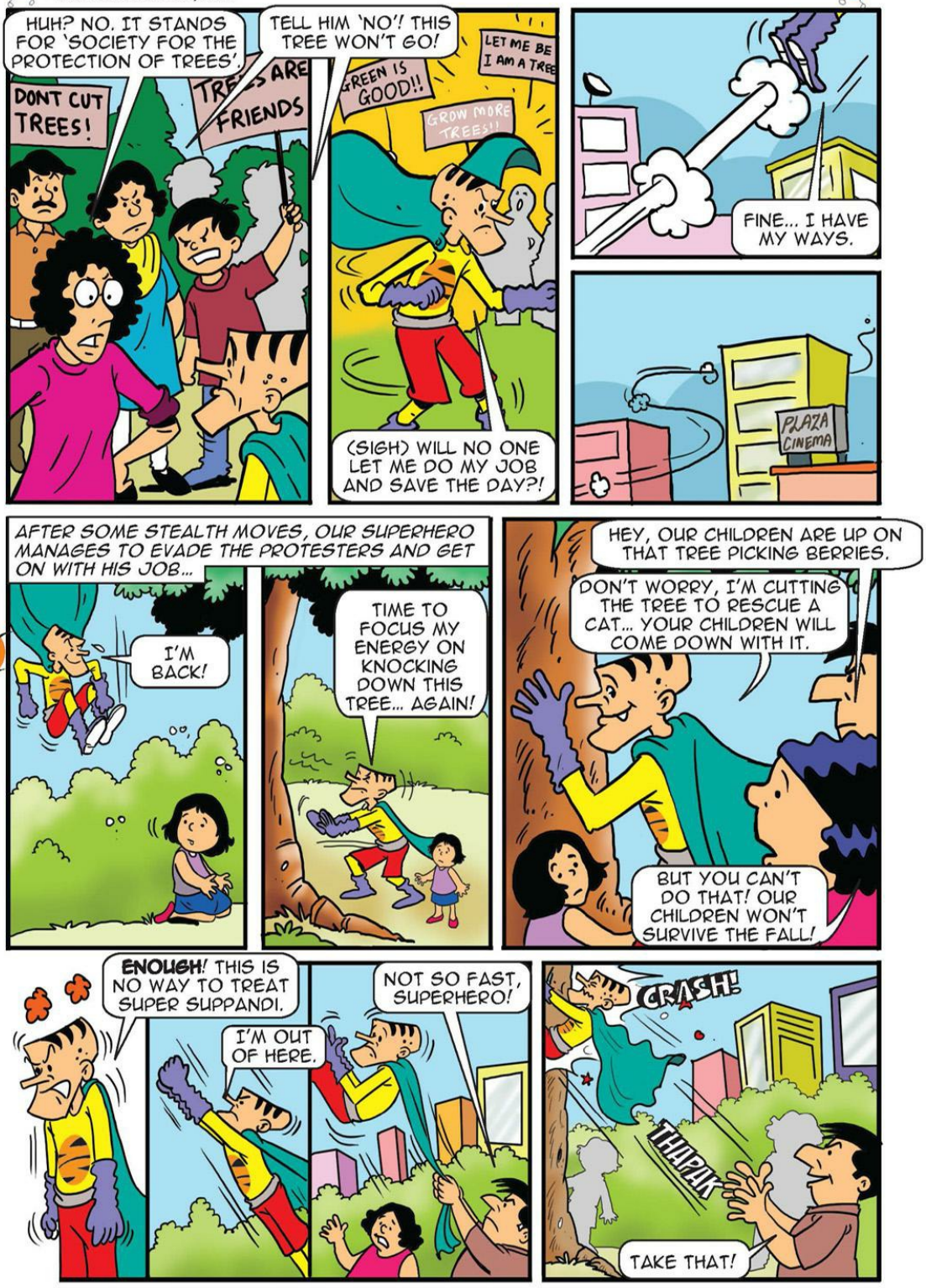
THE END

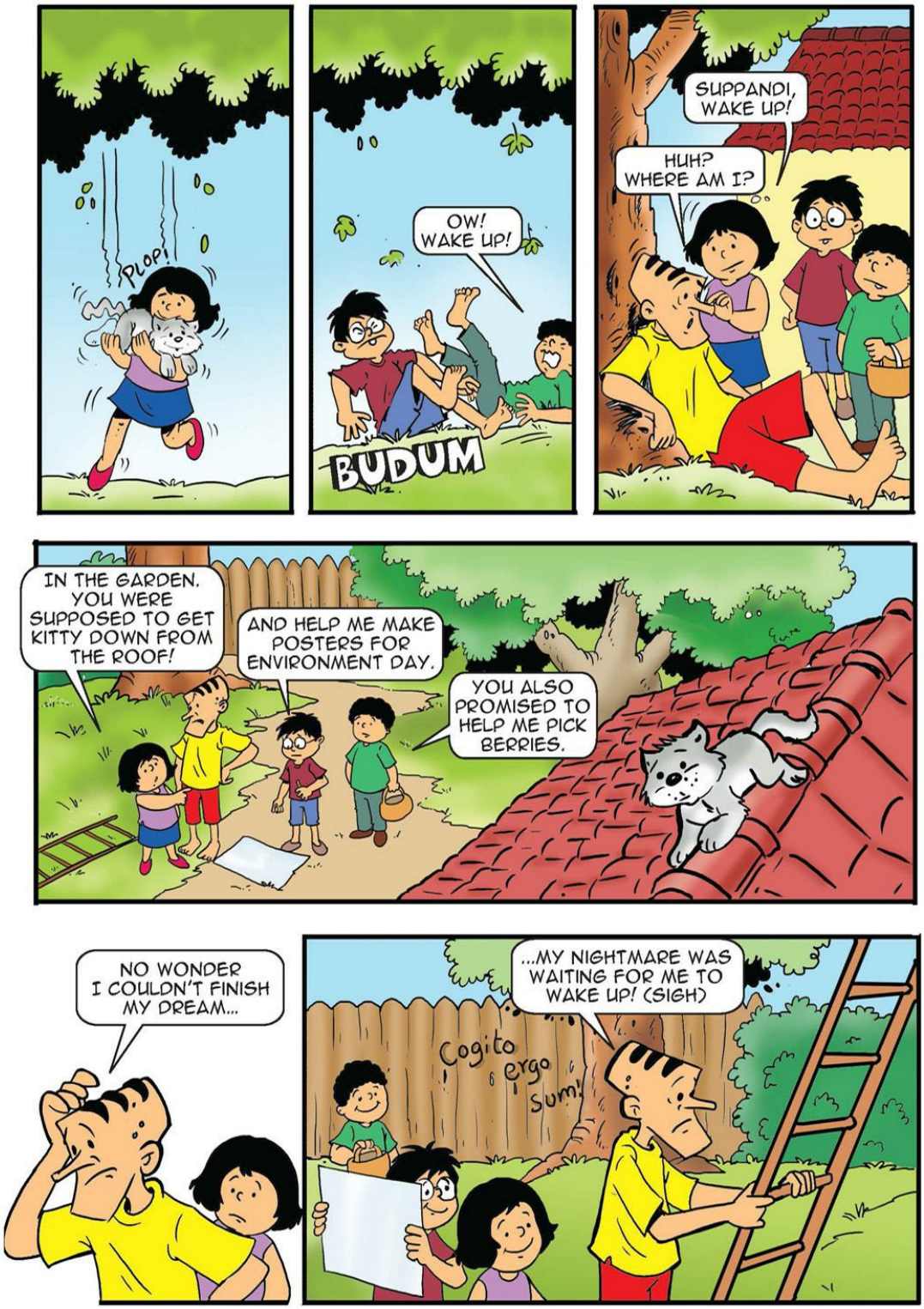

SUPER SUPPANDI
BRANCHING OUT
Story & Script
Sean D'mello
Pencils & Inks
Savio Mascarenhas
Colours
Lidwin Mascarenhas
Letters
Satyawan Rane
PALM HEIGHTS
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY NEEDS SUPER SUPPANDI!
ZOOM
HERE I COOO...
M
E!!
CRASH!
OW!
SUPER SUPPANDI IS HERE, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
ZIP
MY CAT IS STUCK ON TOP OF THE TREE (SNIFF). CAN YOU PLEASE GET IT DOWN?

"I've always liked the idea of Suppandi as a superhero because he would be the most unconventional superhero around. That's why I took well-known superhero traits (rescuing a cat from a tree) and applied them to Super Suppandi to see how he would fare in such situations." – **Sean D'mello,** *Writer*



"I love trees and Super Suppandi, so the coming together of both these things made this story very special for me. This story is filled with energy and acceleration; these two factors make the story both appealing and challenging to me as an artist."
– Savio Mascarenhas, *Artist*



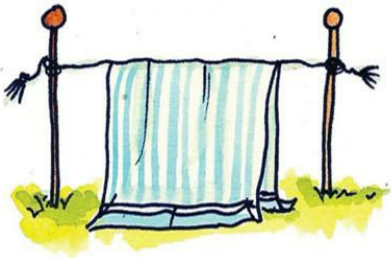

PLOP!
OW! WAKE UP!
BUDUM
SUPPANDI, WAKE UP!
HUH? WHERE AM I?
IN THE GARDEN. YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO GET KITTY DOWN FROM THE ROOF!
AND HELP ME MAKE POSTERS FOR ENVIRONMENT DAY.
YOU ALSO PROMISED TO HELP ME PICK BERRIES.
NO WONDER I COULDN'T FINISH MY DREAM...
...MY NIGHTMARE WAS WAITING FOR ME TO WAKE UP! (SIGH)
Cogito ergo sum!

DO IT YOURSELF PLAY TENT

Stretch your play time this summer with a cool Play Tent that will be your own playground and your umbrella under the hot, summer sun!

What you need:
1 old bed sheet
1 long rope
4 heavy objects (that are not valuable or breakable)
1 old dupatta/shawl (optional)
2 clothes pegs (optional)

What to do:
1) Fold the bed sheet into half.
2) Place the rope along the fold of the bed sheet.
3) Tie the ends of the rope to the opposite corners of your room, at a height. Alternately, if you are doing this outdoors, you can tie the ends of the rope between two trees.



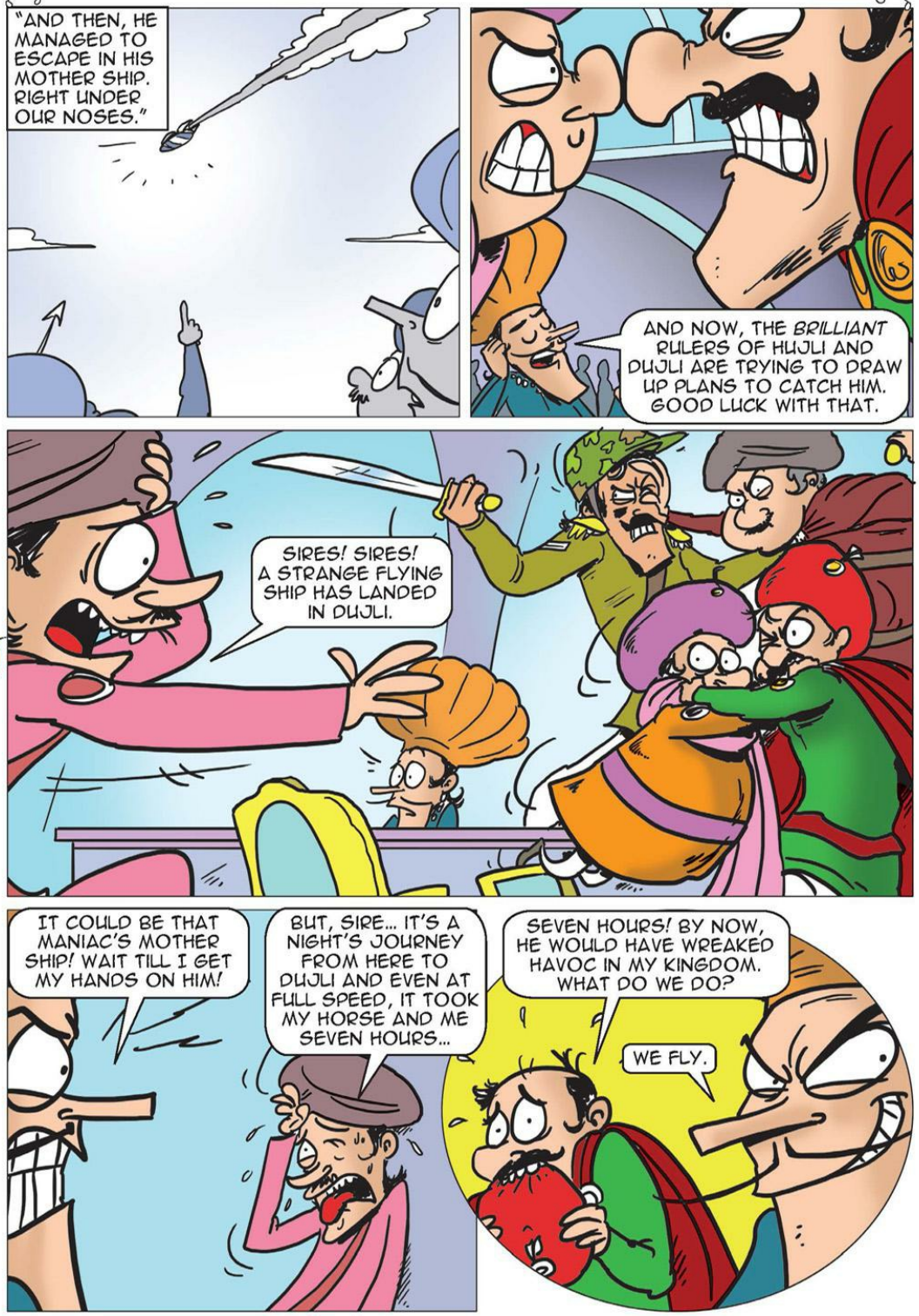
4) Place the heavy objects (can be bricks or stones, if outdoors) on the four corners of the bed sheet, by wrapping them at the ends, in such a way that the bed sheet is weighed down and rooted to the floor.
5) You can also take a light dupatta and clip it at the entrance of your tent to form a curtain.

And you are done! You have your own play tent now. Turn it into a library by putting books and comics inside, or make a picnic spot by having a basket full of treats, or your personal playground with toys and board games inside, and have fun! You can also do this outdoors, if you have a garden or some free, clean and safe space in your building.

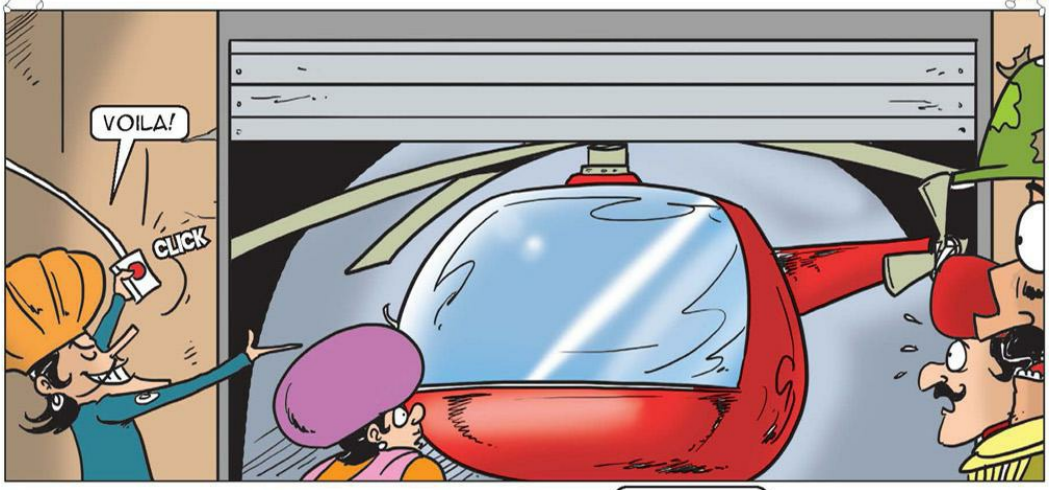
Illustrations: Anupama Apte
Layout: Prasad Sawant
Text: Shruti Dave

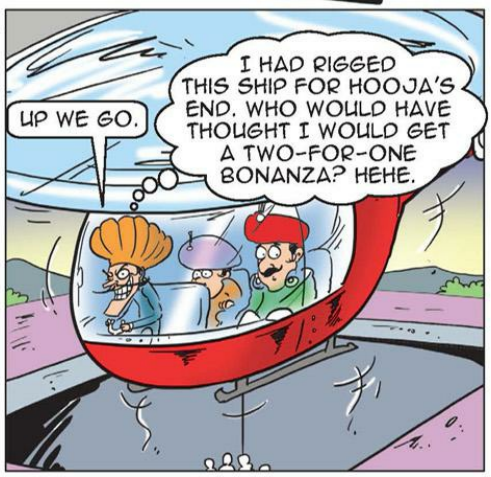
TANTRI THE MANTRI
THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED
Story & Script
Dolly Pahlajani
Art
Abhijeet Kini
Letters
Satyawan Rane
WELL, DOOJA, I SAY WE SHOULD COLLECT ALL THE YURONIUM FROM OUR KINGDOMS AND DUMP IT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.
AND POLLUTE ALL THE WATER? ARE YOU KIDDING ME, HOOJA?
THREE WHOLE DAYS OF THIS BICKERING AND THEY STILL HAVEN'T COME TO A DECISION. SO MUCH FOR A STRATEGY CONFERENCE.
IN CASE YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, LET ME GIVE YOU A SMALL RECAP.
SNAP
SOME MAD HATTER WITH A 'I-WANT-TO-RULE-THE-WORLD' SYNDROME WANTS TO LAY HIS HANDS ON THE ELEMENT, YURONIUM, FOUND IN HUJLI'S AND DUJLI'S SOIL TO CREATE A SUPER WEAPON. I WISH I KNEW WHO HE WAS.
"ANYWAY, HE BESIEGED HUJLI AND TOOK A LOT OF THE YURONIUM. AND HE MADE ME MINE IT FOR HIM. THE NERVE!
OLD

"Since childhood, if there's one character in Tinkle I've really been into, it's got to be Tantri. This guy is not your everyday 'goody-goody' protagonist. He is as crooked as it gets. So when I was told that I'd be drawing Tantri ...

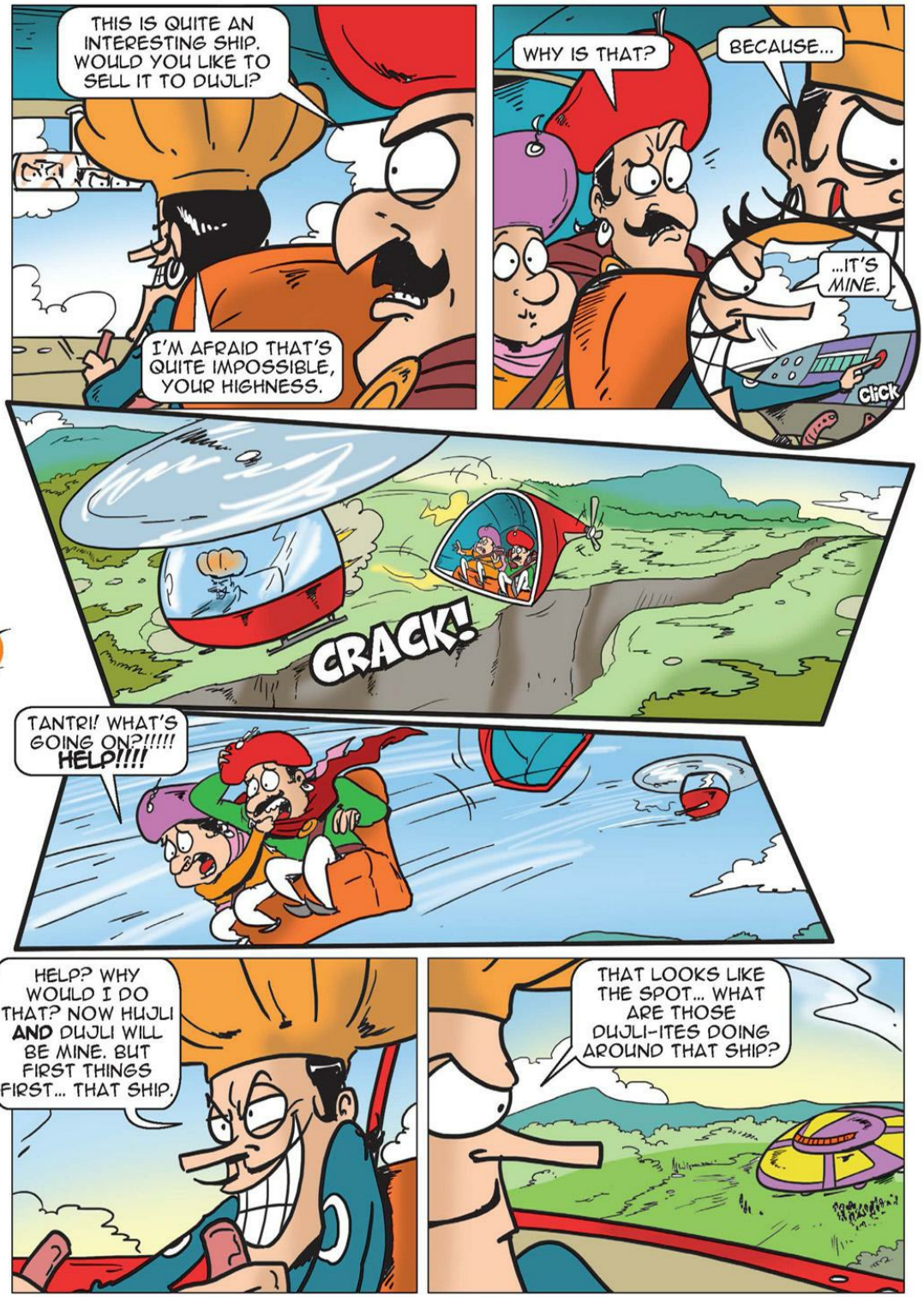


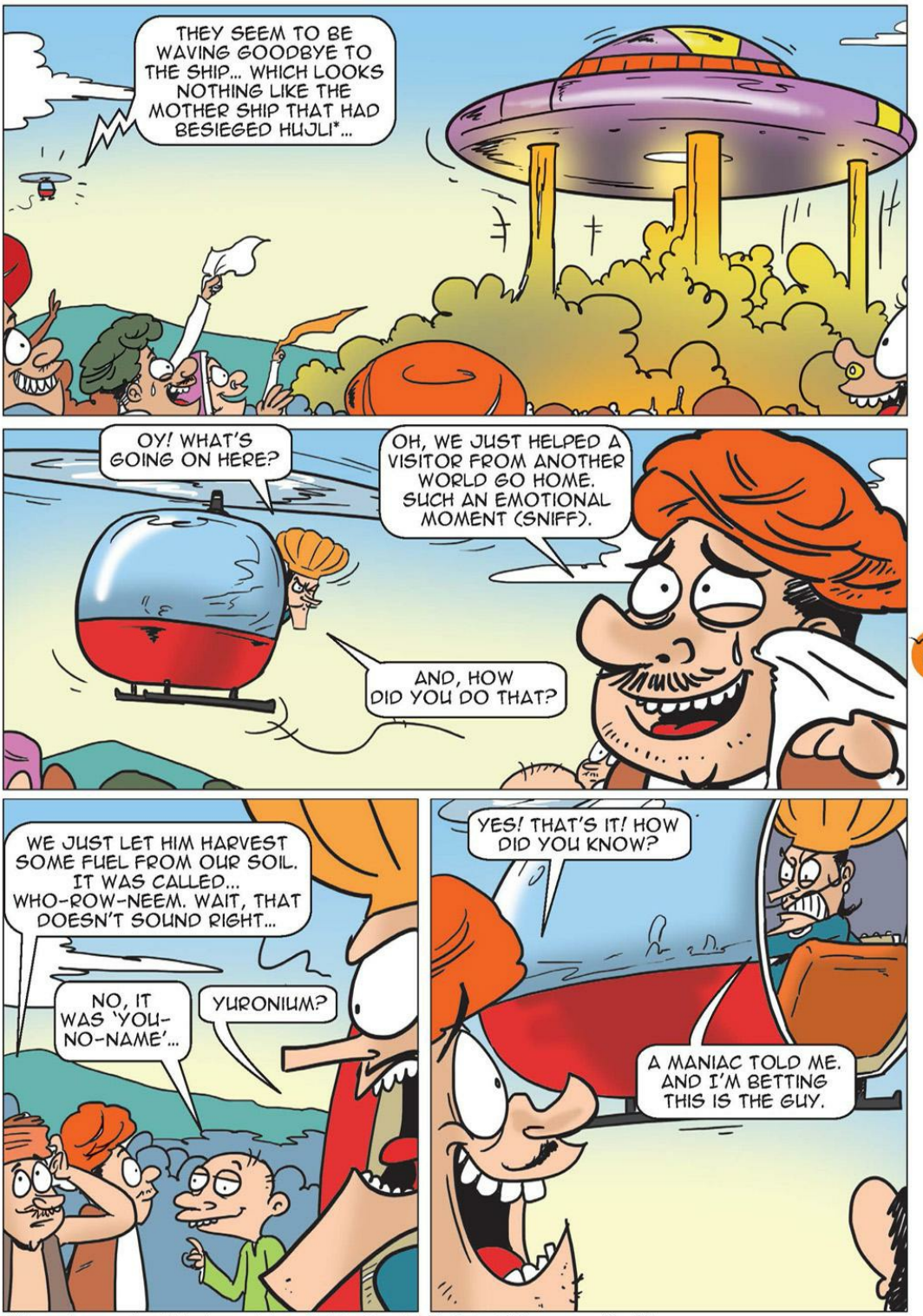
"...and the gang for the Holiday Special, I decided to give him a tinge of extra wickedness. And Dolly's story writing and plots are so sinister, the 'evil-er' Tantri fits right into it! The right dose of villainy!" – **Abhijeet Kini,** *Artist*





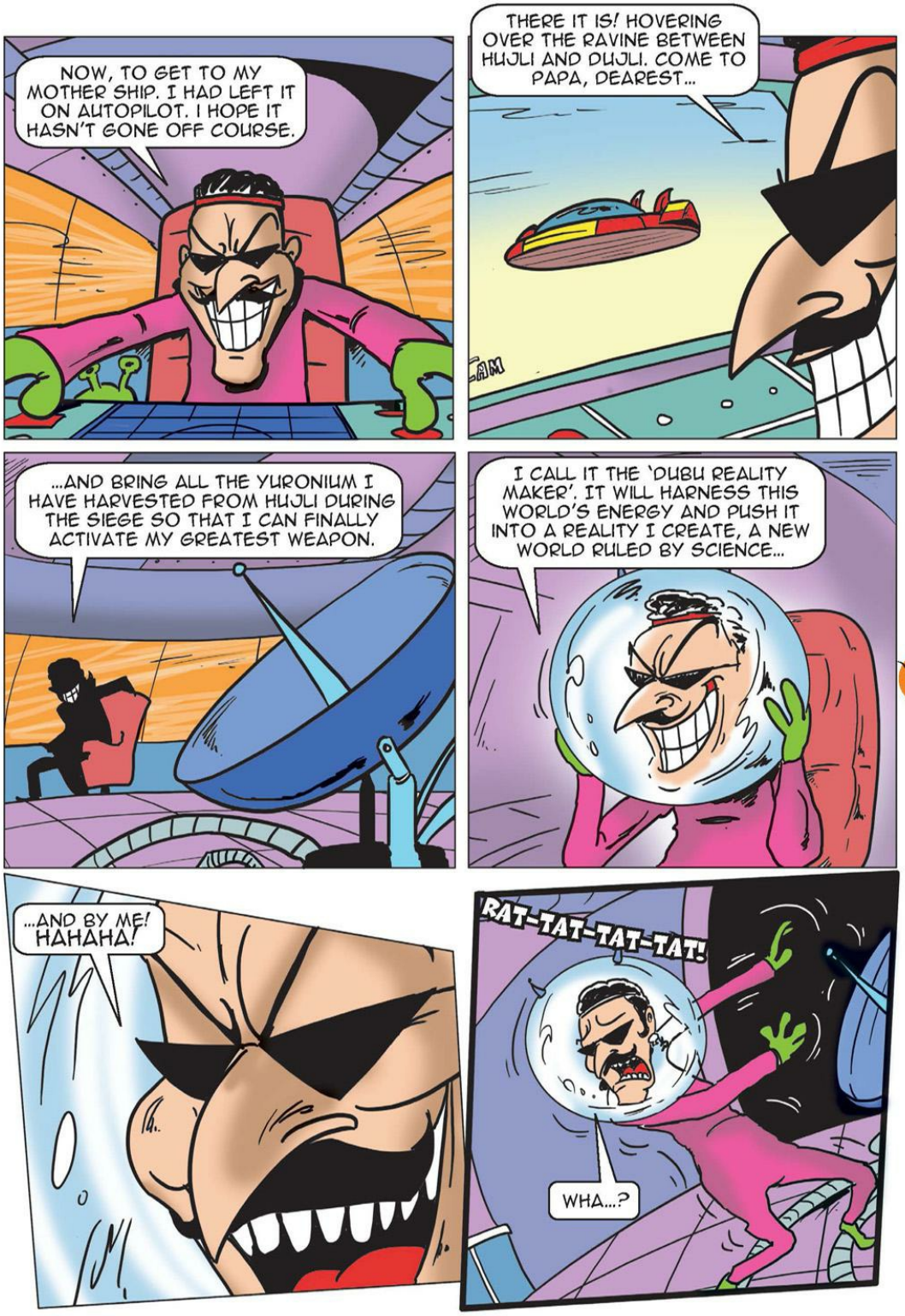
**"This anonymous culprit managed to cause a huge war between Hujli and Dujli, during which I had to save Hooja. I hate my life."*

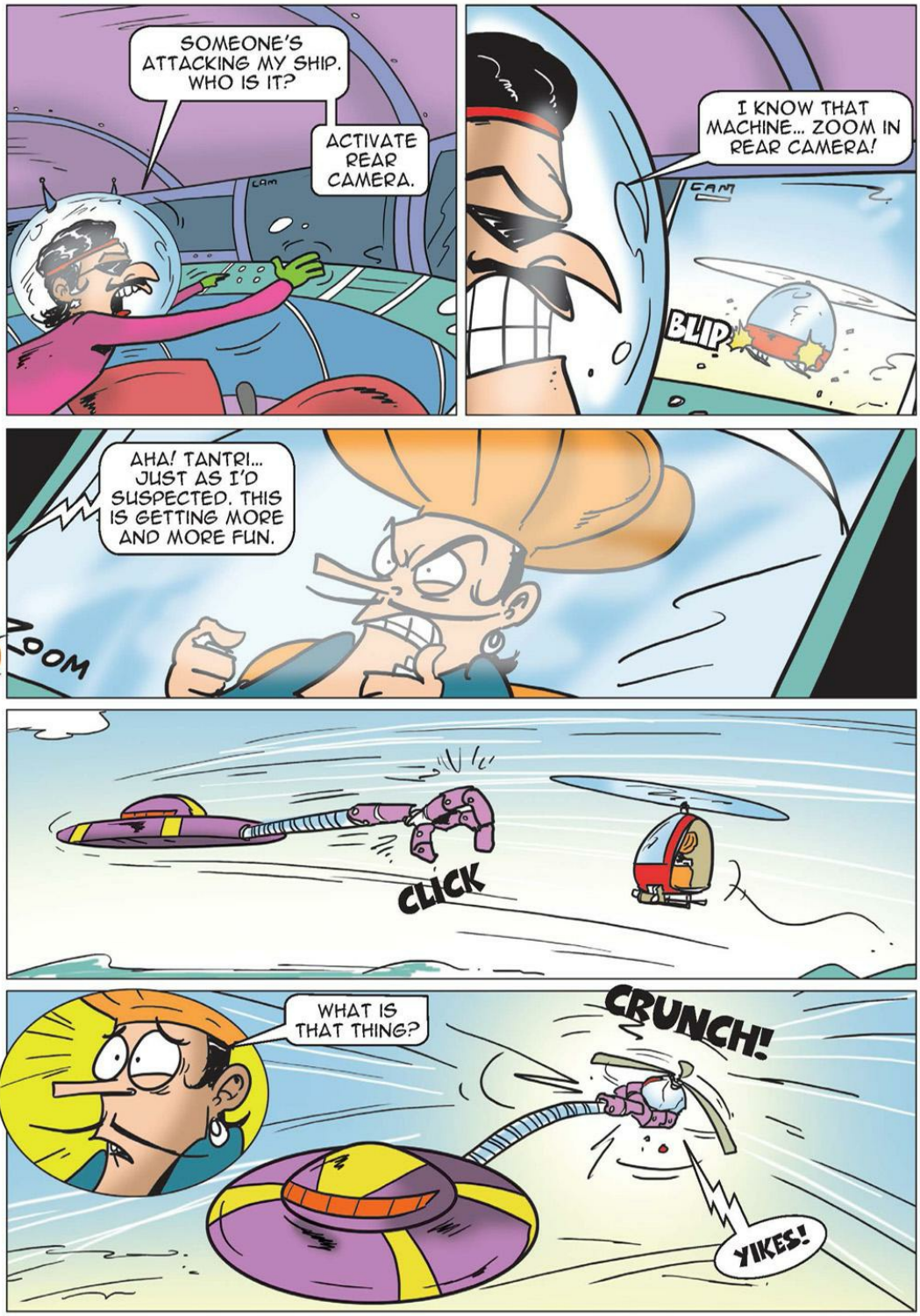

THIS IS QUITE AN INTERESTING SHIP. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SELL IT TO DUJLI?
I'M AFRAID THAT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE, YOUR HIGHNESS.
WHY IS THAT?
BECAUSE...
...IT'S MINE.
CLICK
CRACK!
TANTRI! WHAT'S GOING ON?!!!!! HELP!!!!
HELP? WHY WOULD I DO THAT? NOW HUJLI AND DUJLI WILL BE MINE. BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST... THAT SHIP.
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE SPOT... WHAT ARE THOSE DUJLI-ITES DOING AROUND THAT SHIP?

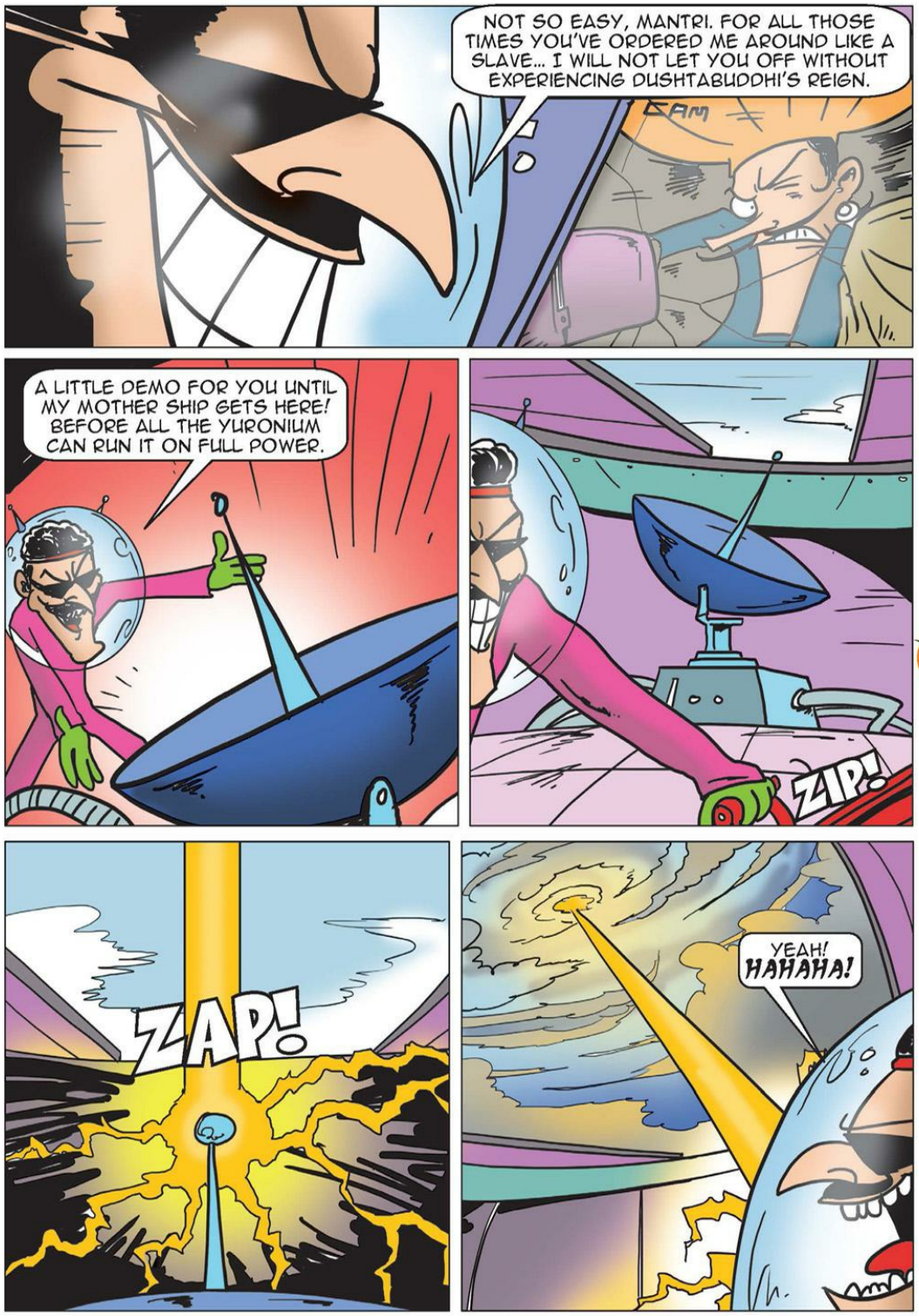


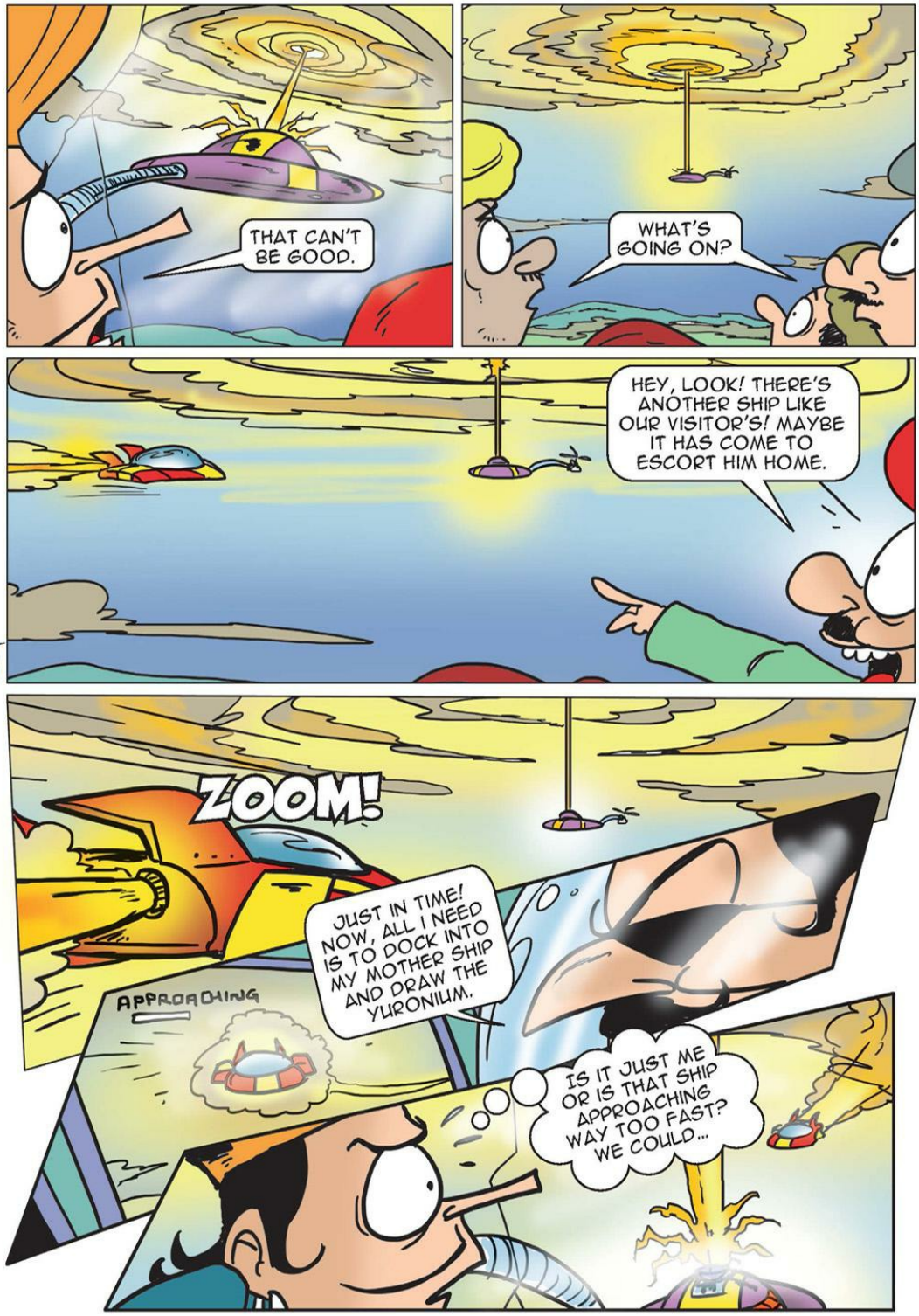
*"To read more about this siege, pick up Holiday Special 40. Or just take my word for it!"

*"That's right! It's me—Dushtabuddhi! And I pulled off the Hujli-Dujli war, the Hujli siege and the yuronium theft from both kingdoms. Never underestimate the power of science! Hahaha!"


NOW, TO GET TO MY MOTHER SHIP. I HAD LEFT IT ON AUTOPILOT. I HOPE IT HASN'T GONE OFF COURSE.
THERE IT IS! HOVERING OVER THE RAVINE BETWEEN HUJLI AND DUJLI. COME TO PAPA, DEAREST...
...AND BRING ALL THE YURONIUM I HAVE HARVESTED FROM HUJLI DURING THE SIEGE SO THAT I CAN FINALLY ACTIVATE MY GREATEST WEAPON.
I CALL IT THE 'DUBU REALITY MAKER'. IT WILL HARNESS THIS WORLD'S ENERGY AND PUSH IT INTO A REALITY I CREATE, A NEW WORLD RULED BY SCIENCE...
...AND BY ME! HAHAHA!
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!
WHA...?


SOMEONE'S ATTACKING MY SHIP. WHO IS IT?
ACTIVATE REAR CAMERA.
I KNOW THAT MACHINE... ZOOM IN REAR CAMERA!
BLIP
AHA! TANTRI... JUST AS I'D SUSPECTED. THIS IS GETTING MORE AND MORE FUN.
ZOOM
CLICK
WHAT IS THAT THING?
CRUNCH!
YIKES!

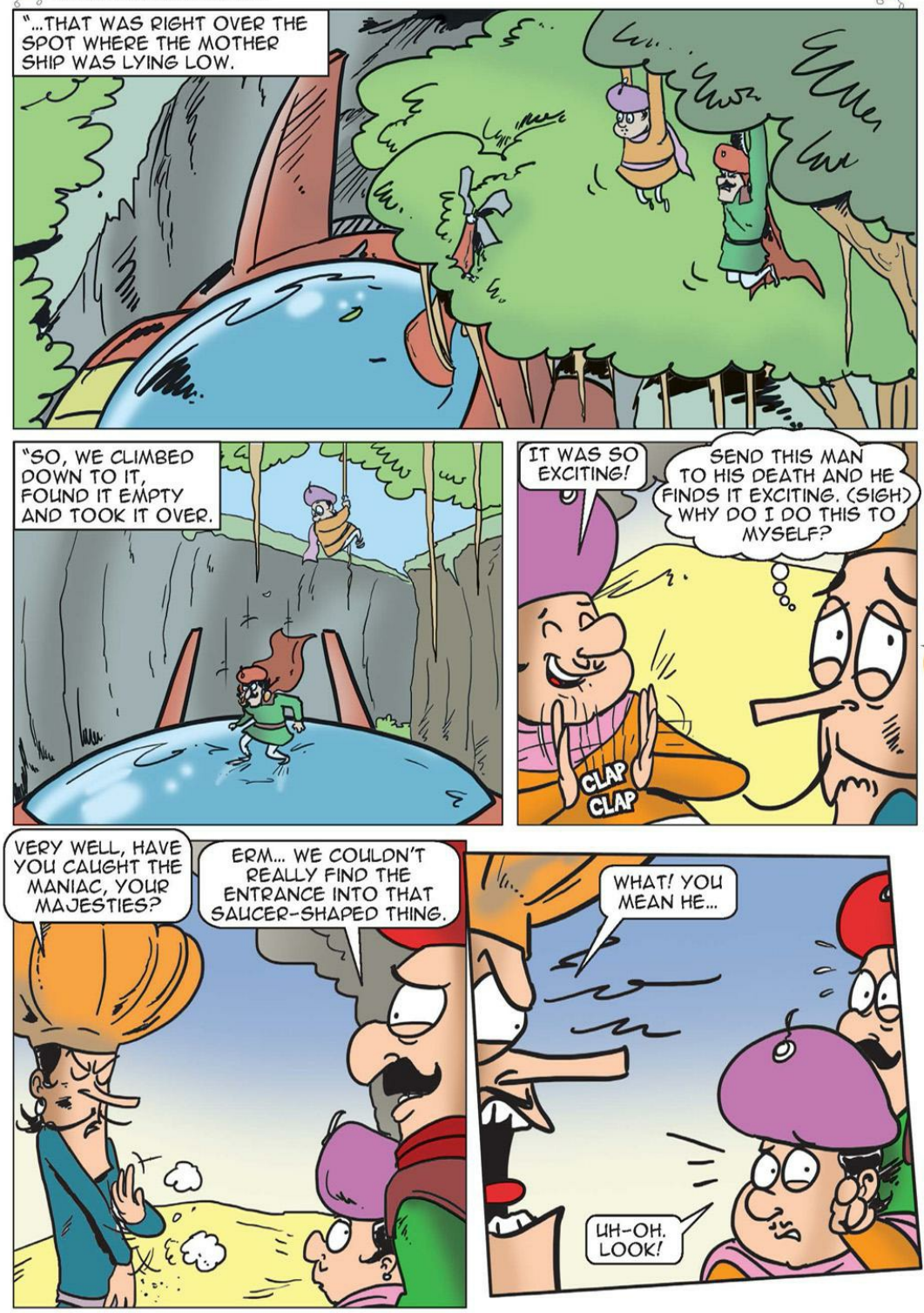

NOT SO EASY, MANTRI. FOR ALL THOSE TIMES YOU'VE ORDERED ME AROUND LIKE A SLAVE... I WILL NOT LET YOU OFF WITHOUT EXPERIENCING DUSHTABUDDHI'S REIGN.
A LITTLE DEMO FOR YOU UNTIL MY MOTHER SHIP GETS HERE! BEFORE ALL THE YURONIUM CAN RUN IT ON FULL POWER.
ZIP!
ZAP!
YEAH! HAHAHA!


THAT CAN'T BE GOOD.
WHAT'S GOING ON?
HEY, LOOK! THERE'S ANOTHER SHIP LIKE OUR VISITOR'S! MAYBE IT HAS COME TO ESCORT HIM HOME.
ZOOM!
JUST IN TIME! NOW, ALL I NEED IS TO DOCK INTO MY MOTHER SHIP AND DRAW THE YURONIUM.
APPROACHING
IS IT JUST ME OR IS THAT SHIP APPROACHING WAY TOO FAST? WE COULD...

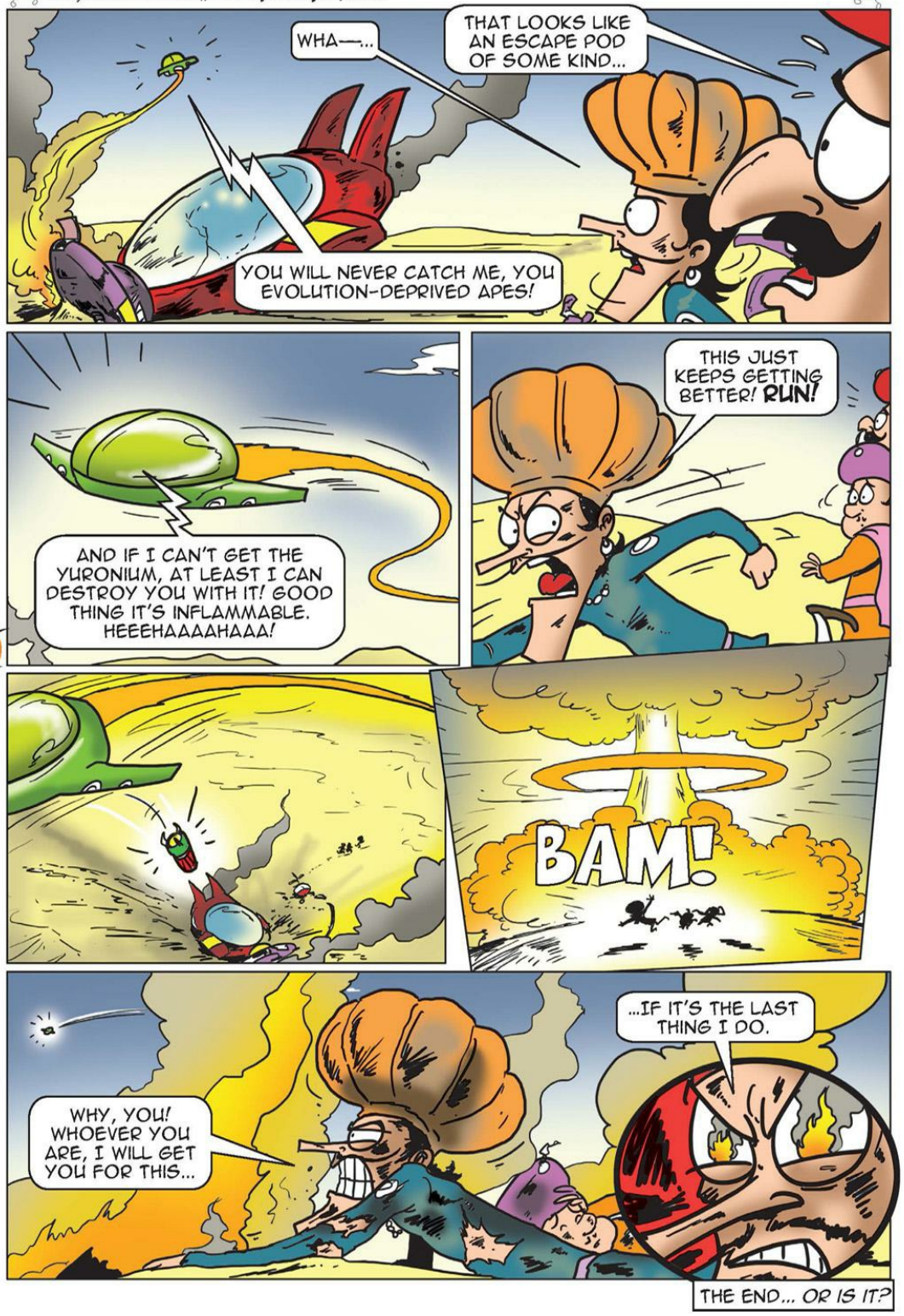
CRASH!
WHAT HAPPENED TO TRUSTWORTHY AUTOPILOT?!
WE GOT HIM!
HERD HIM, DON'T LET HIM GO UNTIL WE GET TO THE DESERT!
ZIPPAAAAT!
UNHHH...POOO!

"I have an undying love for everything twisted and sinister, which makes Tantri the Mantri one of my favourite Tinkle toons. I absolutely adore his madness and badness. One day...

"...a random thought occurred to me, "What would Tantri do if he were faced with a guy who is as evil as him, and much more powerful?" And Dushtabuddhi presented himself—a dark horse, with science on his side and a hitherto unexplored evil streak. And I couldn't resist...



"...setting up a cat-and-mouse game between the two which, powered by Abhijeet's art, goes to a whole new level of awesomeness. And, might I add that Abhijeet's illustrations make the Dushtabuddhi in my mind come alive... villainous and crazy to a T... for Tantri! ;)" – **Dolly Pahlajani,** *Writer*



RATING METER

It's time to rate the stories of *Tinkle Holiday Special* 41! Use the power tags to list down the stories that struck a high or low point for you and don't forget to tell us why.

Full Power!

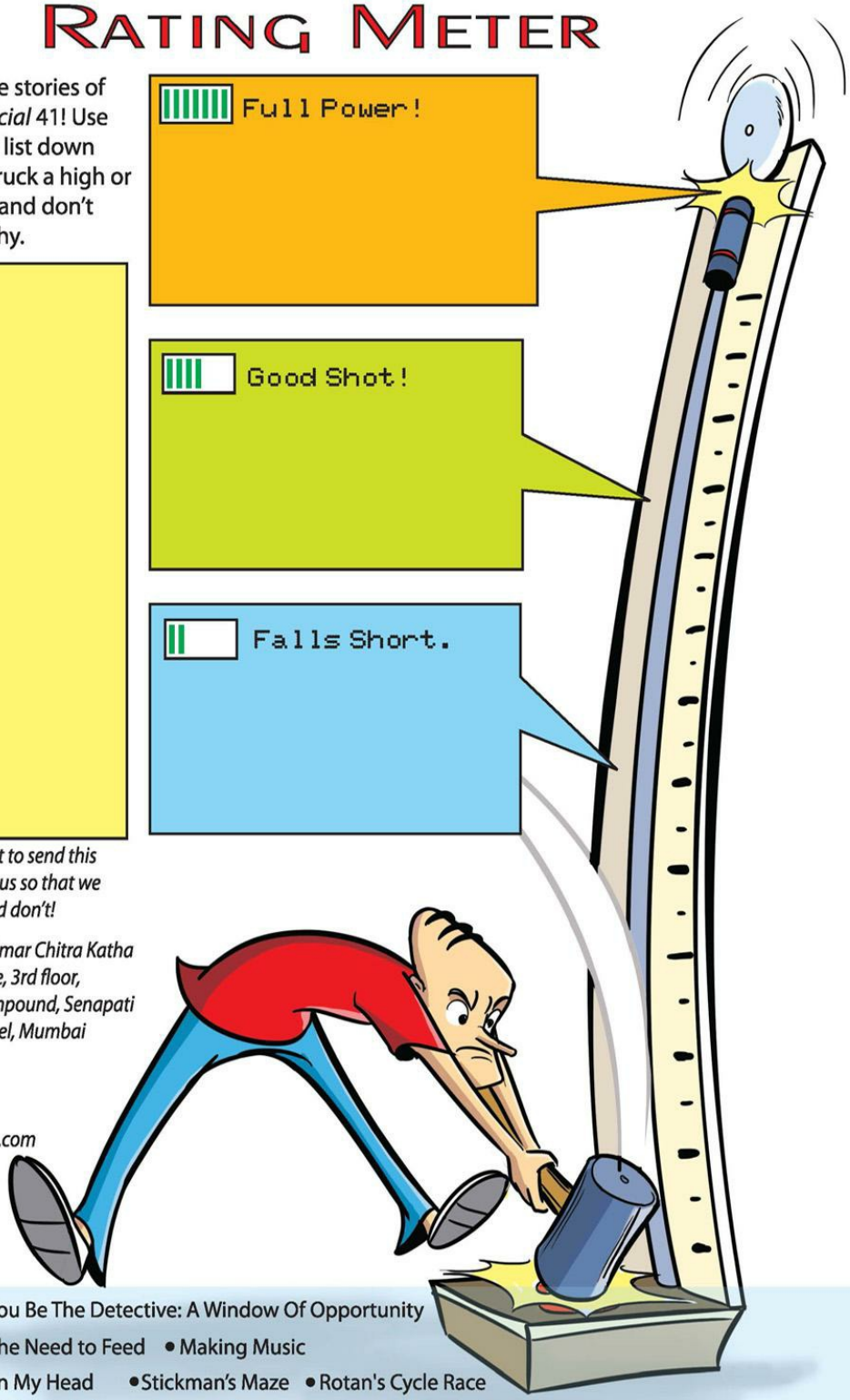
Good Shot!

Falls Short.

Why?

Once done, don't forget to send this meter-reading back to us so that we know what you like and don't!

Send via post: Tinkle, Amar Chitra Katha Pvt. Ltd., Krishna House, 3rd floor, Raghuvanshi Mills Compound, Senapati Bapat Marg, Lower Parel, Mumbai 400013
OR
Email to:
tinklemail@ack-media.com



- The Idea Thief
- You Be The Detective: A Window Of Opportunity
- The Angry Sea
- The Need to Feed
- Making Music
- Dreams: My World In My Head
- Stickman's Maze
- Rotan's Cycle Race
- Lasting Impact
- Riddle Me This!
- Calcutta Clowns
- A Room of One's Own
- Super Suppandi: Branching Out
- Do It Yourself: Play Tent
- Tantri the Mantri: The Hunter and the Hunted

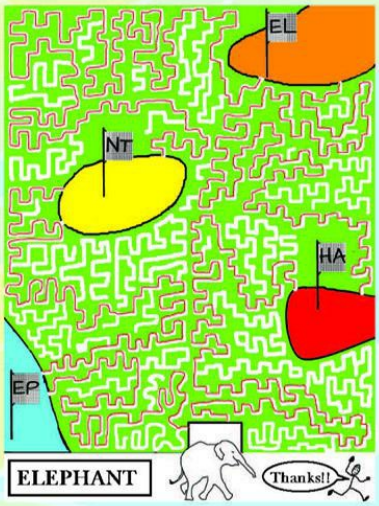
Answers to Puzzles

You Be the Detective: Window of Opportunity (Pg. 12-13)

Rahul was responsible for the theft. He told the police that he took his friends out that night since he had received his first salary cheque that evening. However, that is not possible since banks are shut in the evening and Rahul wouldn't have been able to cash his cheque.

Riddle Me This! (Pg. 66)

- hourglass
- a stamp
- ton (backwards it reads 'not')
- a river
- the letter 'm'
- his car door
- a map
- poke the balloon before blowing air into it



Stickman's Maze (Pg. 44)

No matter where you go on holiday, you shall not escape the clutches of words at play. So, put on your best holiday face, and say hello to these vacationing vocabulary twisters... uh testers.

1. alabaster
(A Room of One's Own)

a. a lobster found at a crime scene without an alibi
b. a lab blaster
c. a white semi-transparent mineral

2. cavorting
(The Idea Thief)

a. jumping or dancing around excitedly
b. a cave which emits snorting sounds
c. a sorting ceremony held by bacteria to decide which tooth cavity to inhabit

3. vagrant
(The Idea Thief)

a. a weather vane that grants wishes
b. a vampire that rants over his grave all night
c. a person without a settled home

4. heist
(Calcutta Clowns)

a. the height at which a whistle blows away
b. a robbery
c. the heiress of a street

5. vindictive
(A Room of One's Own)

a. a strong or unreasonable urge for revenge
b. a smell indicative of the presence of vindaloo (a Goan curry)
c. a villain who is fond of giving dictations

Answers:
1-c; 2-a; 3-c; 4-b; 5-a

Where do you stand?
1/5: You have a long way to go. Start walking!
2-3/5: You'll get there eventually.
4/5: So close, yet so far!
5/5: Destination reached! Give yourself a high-five! Happy holidays!